THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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UNCLE SAM'S TROPHIES.

Many Interesting Object-Lessons in Patriotism Stored Away by the War Department.

Battle-Flags, Ensigns, Etc., Captured on Land and Sea by United States Forces.

In a very interesting article regarding the battle-flag trophies in the hands of the War Department at Washington, Rene Bach, writing to the *Public Ledger*, says:

If you do not want to strike a sore subject, say nothing at the War Department about rebel flags. A big collection of those trophies is on the hands of Secretary Lamont. They are boxed up in the attic of the big building at Seventeenth street and Pennsylvania avenue. It was proposed to place them on exhibition, but it is very doubtful whether that will ever be done. Mr. Cleveland, during his former administration, endorsed a suggestion made by Adjutant General Drum to the effect that the flags should be given back to the States which fought for the lost cause. Such a howl of disapproval was awakened by this proposition that it was abandoned, and the flags have remained since then untouched, except by moths. It has been seriously suggested that the trophy flags now preserved at Annapolis should be brought to Washington and placed on exhibition permanently. These are relics of naval glory, captured, from Great Britain and other powers. They are object lessons in patriotism. For example, there are the ensign and pennant of the Guerriere, an English frigate, which was captured in 1812, by the frigate Constitution. The Guerriere lost fifteen killed and sixty-one wounded; she was totally dismasted, and, being so much cut to pieces as not to be worth taking into port, was set on fire and blown up. The Constitution lost seven killed and seven wounded; she had shortly before made a memorable escape, off the New Jersey coast, from an English squadron of five vessels, after being chased for nearly three days.

Another relic is the ensign that was hoisted at the masthead of the Kearsarge during her historic engagement with the Confederate steamer Alabama, off Cherbourg, France, in 1864. The fight lasted 52 minutes, when the Alabama struck her colors, sinking soon after. The Kearsarge had three wounded; the Alabama lost eleven killed and twenty-five wounded. Semmes, commander of the Alabama, with forty of his crew, escaped through the aid of the English yacht Deerhound.

One of the most interesting of these trophies is a Korean standard. In 1871 a peaceful surveying party from United States ships was proceeding up the Salee river in Korea, when the boats were attacked by forts on shore. An explanation was demanded by the American fleet, under Admiral Rogers, and, none being offered, an attack was made upon the forts. Five forts were destroyed, fifty flags and 481 pieces of artillery being captured. The sailing force lost only three killed, while 350 of the Koreans were killed. Among the flags taken was the standard referred to, belonging to the Korean general-in-chief.

When the town of York, now Toronto, was captured by United States ships and troops in 1813, a British royal standard was taken. This trophy is now at Annapolis together with a wooden lion which stood in front of the speaker's chair in the parliament house, and the parliamentary mace, over which hung a human scalp.

A relic that commemorates the most heroic deed of the Rebellion is the ensign of the Albemarle. On the night of Oct. 27, 1864, Lieut. W. D. Cushing, with thirteen officers and men, went in a launch up the Roanoke river to Plymouth, N.C., where the Confederate ironclad ram Albemarle was lying alongside a wharf, protected by a boom of logs. In the midst of a heavy fire Cushing set off a torpedo under the overhang of the ram. At the same instant a shot from the ram sank the launch, and all her crew except Cushing and one sailor were killed, captured or drowned. The ram was sunk by the explosion of the torpedo, and this flag was taken from her shortly after, the town having been captured. By swimming and hiding in the swamps Cushing escaped to one of the gunboats in safety.

Another British trophy is the ensign of the Penguin, an English sloop-of-war which was captured by the American Hornet in 1815, after an engagement of twenty-two minutes. The Penguin lost fourteen killed and twenty-eight wounded. She was so badly damaged that after the removal of her crew she was scuttled. The Hornet lost fourteen killed and ten wounded. Her commander, Capt. James Biddle, received a medal from congress.

The British frigate Java was captured in 1812, off the coast of Brazil, by the Constitution, after an engagement of nearly two hours. The Englishman lost sixty killed and 101 wounded. Being completely dismasted and otherwise injured she was set on fire and blown up. The Constitution lost nine killed and twenty-five wounded. Her wheel was shot away early in the fight, and was replaced after it by that of the Java. The ensign of the Java is preserved at Annapolis.

A very interesting relic is the ensign of the Mezoura, an Algerian frigate of forty-six guns, which was captured in 1835, by the Guerriere, off the coast of Spain. War had been declared by the United States against the piratical Barbary States, and a squadron under Commodore Decatur was sent to bring them to terms. The capture of the Mezoura and another ship produced the desired effect. The Mezoura lost thirty killed and many wounded. By the treaty of peace made thereupon the two vessels were returned to Algiers.

Two of the most valued trophies are the ensign and pennant of the Detroit, the flagship of the British squadron on Lake Erie, captured in 1813, by the American squadron under Commodore Perry. The English had six vessels, sixty-three guns and 500 men: they lost forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded. The United States fleet had ten vessels, fifty-four guns and 490 men; their loss was twenty-seven killed and ninety-six wounded. The American flagship Lawrence, which led in the fight, suffered so severely from the concentrated fire of the foe, that Perry abandoned her and hoisted his flag on the Niagara. The action lasted three hours.

On Oct. 25, 1812, the British frigate Macedonian was engaged for an hour and a half by the frigate United States, commanded by Capt. Stephen Decatur. There is a tradition to the effect that the first shot from the United Statss knocked a ball from beneath the paw of a wooden lion which stood on the Macedonian's quarter deck. The United States lost five killed and seven wounded. The lost of the Macedonian was thirty-six killed and sixty-eight wounded. She was much cut up, receiving 100 shots in her hull and losing her mizzenmast and fore and main topmasts. Her ensign is at Annapolis.

Another relic is the ensign of the Reindeer, an English brig, which was captured in 1814, after an engagement of nineteen minutes by the sloop-of-war Wasp. The Reindeer lost twenty-five killed and forty-two wounded. She was cut to pieces in the line of ports, and, having been set on fire, presently blew up. The Wasp lost five killed and twenty-one wounded.

There is a Chinese flag in the collection, which was taken in 1854 from a pirate battery on the Island of Tylo, near Hong Kong, by the crew of a pinance from the United States steamer Macedonian. The attack upon the piratical settlement was made in concert with a force from vessels of the English fleet in those waters. By the exercise of such rigorous methods the American and European navies have pretty nearly succeeded in clearing the Far East seas of the merciless pirates who used to infest them.

Two Mexican ensigns are of interest. One of them was captured at Tuspan, Mexico, in 1847, by a landing force of 1,400 officers, seamen and marines, led by Commodore Perry. The town was taken after a feeble resistance, and with but slight loss to the attacking party. The guns of the United States steamer Truxton, which had got aground and fallen into the hands of the enemy in a previous attack on the place, were recovered on this occasion. The other flag referred to was captured in the same year at Mazatlan by a force of 600 men under the command of Commodore Shubrick. The town, though defended by a force of about 1,000 men, was taken without loss, and was garrisoned by the navy until the close of the war.

The collection at Annapolis includes the flag used by Admiral Farragut on board of the Tallapoosa, in 1870, while in charge of the naval obsequies of George Peabody, at Portland, Maine. Looking up at this flag as a salute was fired in his honor, he remarked: "It would be well if I died now, in haraess." This was his last official duty; he died six months later.

At West Point are preserved a great many flags which were carried through the War of the Rebellion by the United States troops. With them are kept many interesting trophies of different kinds.

There is a flag that was surrendered by Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown; another that was raised upon the citadel of Mexico, on its capture by the United States army; another that was carried in the Florida war of 1836, etc. A collection of United States and Confederate States projectiles includes more than 100 of various sorts gathered during the Rebellion. Another article is a rebel torpedo of the clock-work pattern. This is one of five torpedoes sunk at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, for the purpose of sinking Federal gunboats. Not to be forgotten is the headdress of a Sioux chief who was killed in battle by a soldier in Dakota, in 1864. By the hole in the head-dress it can be seen how he was killed. There is also a shield and a human scalp.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN IRELAND.

The Public Libraries (Ireland) Act became law on Saturday last, and we have no hesitation in saying that it may be made a measure of extreme benefit to the Irish people if its provisions are properly applied and made use of. The Council of the Young Ireland League, which has done so much real practical work in forwarding by every means in its power, the interests of Irish Nationality and Irish intellectual development, has sent a letter, along with the full text of the act, and a form of requisition to the corporations, town commissioners and prominent residents of the cities and towns of Ireland. The letter explains fully and clearly the scope of the act, and shows how it may best and most directly be applied and worked. It is pointed out that twenty voters in any borough or town governed by town commissioners may make a requisition on the corporation or commissioners requiring the local authority to take the opinion of the voters of the borough or township as to whether a public library should or should not be established. Should the voters decide that the library should be established, then, by the provisions of the act the library must be established. In case the local authority should delay in carrying out the wishes of the voters, the local government board may, on the application of ten voters, appoint from the list of voters, five persons to establish the library and carry the act into operation. Other explanatory details are given which will be found most useful by the inhabitants of towns or boroughs anxious to avail themselves of the new act; and we do not see why the inhabitants of every town or borough should not at once take steps to secure for themselves the advantages of a new public library. Towns that are not townships, and rural districts, cannot benefit by the act, although such is the case in England, and the Young Ireland League was most active in striving to have such places embraced within the scope of the act. Still, although in this respect and in some other particulars the act is not so broad as the act in force in England, it is, at the same time, a most important measure, and cannot but be productive of beneficial results. The Young Ireland League deserves immense credit for its action in sending such a letter widespread throughout the cities and towns of Ireland. Neither the local authorities nor the chief inhabitants can plead ignorance of the advantages that the new act provides; and there is no excuse for delay in availing themselves of them.—*Irish Daily Independent, Aug. 21.*

FOR THE CITIZEN.

SONNET.

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

I frown not darkly on the faults of those
By genius wedded to the grace of song,
For they have much to bear; to them belong
The attitudes of vision that the glows
Of life approach not; and each height that grows
Greater as they ascend but serves to show
The bitter folly of the world below;
This shakes the spirit from its calm repose
And drags it back to earth; there passion's heat
Twists and divides the bard from his own nature
And dark persuasions whisper and repeat
The age-worn doubt. Yet why condemn him, creature?
'Tis not the man but poet you admire
Pregnant with genius, Heaven's celestial fire.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

M. B. Curtis, in his famous impersonation "Sam'l of Posen," the Jewish commercial drummer, is attracting crowds to the Schiller theater nightly this week.

What one among the thousands who love the mirth and melody of good minstrelsy, would not improve the opportunity to see and hear once again the renowned minstrel favorite Billy Emerson. He is now with what is today the greatest minstrel organization upon the road, the W. S. Cleveland's Minstrels, which come for a week to the Schiller theater, commencing next Sunday night, Sept. 23. The organization is one of good singers and specialty artists. An attractive feature of the entertainment and one which has made a favorable impression on the public is the first part spectacle entitled "Columbus," introducing scenes and incidents at the Columbian Exposition.

"The Ship of State," a domestic and patriotic American drama, presented by E. C. Ellis, scenery painted and costumes designed by F. B. Skiff, is being completed for production at the Schiller theater, for one week, beginning Sunday, Sept. 30.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have had wonderful success selling Dish-Washers. Have not made less than $8 any day, and some days $15. Nearly every family buys one. They are cheap, durable, and do the work perfectly. You can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes without touching your hands to a dish. I believe any lady or gentleman, anywhere, can do as well as I am doing, as I had no experience. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family seems to want a dish-washer. Write to the Iron City Dish-Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa. They will send you full particulars, and help you as they did me. I do not write my experience boastingly, but because I think it a duty I owe to others in these hard times. Yours truly,

MARTHA B.

FAMOUS IRISH AUTHORS.

Some of the Eminent Irish Writers of the Present Day.

Dr. Douglas Hyde, One of the Greatest Masters of the Gaelic Tongue in the World—Writer and Poet.

PART VI.

In almost every European country learned men have from time to time formed themselves into societies for the study of the literature, history and religion of their ancestors, their habits, modes of life and even their ordinary pursuits. A yearning to understand the ancient races, to picture them as they really were, and to properly appreciate the monuments they left to posterity, has filled the minds and absorbed the whole attention of some of the most brilliant men of the day, and at no time in the history of the world has so much attention been paid to the study of archæology as at the present moment.

Among the Irish literatti this has been particularly the case. With them, however, it is not a movement newly begun; it is the work of centuries. In the distant past one learned antiquarian after another arose and with the blaze of his genius threw new light on the ancient records. The Four Masters collected the vast store of manuscripts which fill their "Annals," reproduced and made them intelligible to modern readers. Dr. Geoffrey Keating, in a very disturbed period, wrote a history of Ireland, using the bardic records as his authority. O'Donovan, whose grammar has been adopted as a standard work by Celtic philologists, Vallancy, O'Flaherty, O'Molloy, O'Reilly, Rev. Ulick Burke, O'Brien, and that grand character the late Archbishop MacHale of Tuam all sowed good seed in their day, but the rigors of political agitation ever seemed to blight the movement in the bud and their efforts bore no fruit.

Still, the failures of the past do not seem to discourage the younger men, and there is a possibility of an Irish philological and archæological movement being organized successfully. The many subjects connected with historical and antiquarian researches in general occupy at the present time so prominent a place in the literature and their importance and value are so generally recognized that a country like Ireland, teeming with countless treasures of this kind, cannot well be slighted. Our ancient bardic records are not unknown to the world. They have been scattered all over Europe, by the Irish missionaries who spread the gospel through Gaul and carried the Word even into Italy itself. Their value is known for they possess a degree of antiquity truly remarkable when compared with those of other countries, and many of them, we have just reason to believe, are in great part or the whole, transcripts of still more ancient works.

It is utterly impossible to determine at what period in Irish history records were first kept, but our national traditions assign a very remote antiquity and a high degree of civilization to our pagan ancestors. Let us suppose even that this is exaggerated, which we doubt, it must be admitted that the enormous mass of historical, legendary and genealogical matter relating to the pagan age of ancient Ireland, and which we can trace to the very oldest written documents of which we retain any account, could only have been transmitted to our times by some form of written record.

We find abundant evidence in the ancient manuscripts to show that St. Patrick found, on his arrival in the country, a regularly defined system of law and policy, and we likewise find mention of books in the possession of the Druids before his coming.

Many of these old manuscripts have been translated in times past by the Royal Irish Academy, by the Ossianic and kindred societies; but the work has not, with a few exceptions, been done in good English nor with a sufficiently critical knowledge of the Irish language.

The proper translation and editing of these manuscripts is a task which not only requires an excellent Gælic scholar, but an English writer of no common power. To render the ancient poems in English requires the genius of a poet, and the prose tales should be cast in such elegant English as the "Silva Gadelica" of Standish Hayes O'Grady.

Then there is another important branch of Irish literature to be considered. Besides the vast quantity of manuscript records, tales and genealogies, we have the tales of the peasantry; valuable relics which have come down traditionally and possess interest from many standpoints. Some years ago it was usual at peasant gatherings in Munster to recite ancient poetry, some of which was in the form of dialogue and required several persons in its performance. In many of these poems, local historical events were chronicled and the general history of the country sketched in an incidental way. There are many tales among the peasantry which bear a close resemblance to the ancient bardic chronicles. Many of them bear the unmistakable stamp of great antiquity, but they were shamefully neglected till Dr. Douglas Hyde undertook the task of collecting them. He has begun the work none too soon. The folklore of the country was perishing. The young people who speak the Irish tongue are leaving the country yearly in vast numbers and the old who speak their own language and have stored the tales in their memory are rapidly dying off. But Dr. Hyde is eminently the proper person for the work. He is probably the greatest master of the Gaelic tongue in the world, is a distinguished English writer and poet of rare talents. The field before him is a rich one; the soil has scarcely been touched, and much of the treasures to be found there are lovely. The imagination of the Irish peasant is rarely gross, though it is grotesque; is full of grace and tenderness, of pathetic joy and sorrow, and of a quick and changing fancifulness. The supernaturalness of these tales is charming, and a living fairy land unfolds before us as we listen to them. All Ireland is still haunted by the good people. Every green mound and ruin, every river, wood and dell, every lake and well and grey stone on the wild land are dwelt in by their own little folk; elfin creatures whom civilization has not spoilt, who have their own kings and laws and morals and who are as delightful in their way as the Nymphs and Oreads, as Pan and all his crew. Some of them, it is true, since they descend from the gods and heroes of the myths, retain traces of their original grandeur, of something august and terrible, which distinguishes them from the English and German fairies, but then, that only makes them the more interesting.

To collect and edit all these tales is the task which Dr. Hyde has undertaken. How well he has succeeded can be told by his published works. In 1889 he published "Leabhar Sgeuluigheachta," or book of peasant stories; in 1890 appeared "Folk-Lore of the Irish Celts" (David Nutt, London), which was followed in 1891 by "Beside the Fire" (David Nutt). His "Folk-Lore" stories were translated into French by M. Dottin and published in 1892, with the Gaelic text in Roman letters for the benefit of French students. In 1893 he published "The Love Songs of Connacht," which met with phenomenal success. He has in preparation "The Story of Gaelic Literature," and is publishing the "Songs of the Connacht Bards" in the *Weekly Freeman*, Dublin. These songs are examples of more than one hundred different kinds of Irish metre, exactly reproduced in English, with the original Gaelic text appended. There is in his possession a large quantity of folk-lore and folk-songs which will probably be published in the near future.

Dr. Hyde is a young man, although he has been such a length of time before the public as an erudite Gaelic scholar that all believe him to be advanced in years. He was born about thirty-two years ago near Kilmactranny, county Sligo, and is the last direct descendent of the once famous Castle Hyde family of the county Cork. His father was a clergyman. Dr. Hyde was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and his extraordinarily brilliant career there reminds one of the celebrated Admiral Crichton. Among the honors gained by him are the degrees of LL.B. and LL.D.; in the examination for the latter degree he obtained first place; the degree of B. A., a large gold medal and First Senior Moderatorship in Modern Literature, a large gold medal of the College Historical Society in history, the gold medal of the College Historical Society in composition, the silver medal of the same in oratory, the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in English Verse (a prize open to every student, of whatever standing, whose name is on the college books), in the year 1885 and again in 1887; the Vice-Chancellor's Prize in English Prose in 1886, and in 1887; he was bracketed with another for the same prize; and the Bedell Celtic Scholarship. As an undergradnate he gained first honors in Modern Literature, first honors in German, first honors in French, first prize in Celtic and first prize in Italian. He passed through the whole course of the School of Divinity in Trinity College, gaining several term prizes and passed the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity. The Elrington Prize of £40, given for the best composition of the year upon a set theological subject, was won by him. In 1889 he was elected a life member of the Royal Irish Academy, and in 1887 was made an honorary member of the College Historical Society, Trinity College. If Dr. Hyde is not made round-shouldered carrying the honors that have been showered on him, it is not the fault of the colleges and societies; but they are all well earned.

In 1891 Dr. Hyde went to Canada and filled the post of professor of modern literature in the University at Fredricton, N. B. Here his passion for folk-lore asserted itself and he collected a considerable quantity of tales from the Indians with whom he went hunting. He then returned to Ireland and it is his intention to remain in Connacht for the balance of his life. He is at the head of the Gaelic League and for two years was President of the Irish National Literary Society of Dublin, an honor which he recently resigned, as he found it difficult to attend the meetings.

One of Dr. Hyde's most beautiful poems was written while he was in New Brunswick, and is "An Ode to Canada."

O beautiful northern maiden,
When the ice-god bendeth his bow,
What a robe have I seen thee arrayed in
When thou doffest thy garland of snow!
What a robe have I seen thee arrayed in
Where the wild rivers jubilant flow,
And the maple with buds over-laden
Exults over winter her foe,
And nestles a greeting to me.

The singers of summer are coming
To hide in thy tremulous hair,
I hear the gold woodpecker drumming
In the depths of the forest in there,
And the little bird-fairy that humming
Shoots by where the flowers are fair,
From the South with the sun they are coming
To joy in thy odorous air,
And taste of the wonderful North

The ravaging winter is over,
The wizard of silence is fled,
And violets peep from their cover,
And daisies are raising their head.
Earth blushes to life like a lover,
And wakes in her emerald bed,
And she and the heaven above her
In torrents of sunshine are wed,
Forgetting the swoon of the snow.

By the pole-slope that Canada faces
The ice-giants hurtle and reel,
For her seven-months' winter she eases
Her land in a casket of steel.
Yet I pine for her mighty embraces
In the home of the moose and the seal,
And I pine for her beautiful places,
And sad is the feeling I feel
When snow-flakes remind me of her.

In his "Love Songs of Connacht," published by M. H. Gill & Co., Dublin, are many little gems, all with that peculiar ring of the Gaelic poetry in them. He has carried the deep pathos of the original into the tongue of the stranger and that mirth which is salted with a tear. One of his translations, which reminds the reader of the style of Edmund Walsh, is "Ringleted Youth of My Love."

Ringleted youth of my love,
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
You passed by the road above,
But you never came in to find me,
Where were the harm for you
If you came for a little to see me?
Your kiss is a wakening dew
Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
I would make a nice little boreen
To lead straight up to his door,
The door of the house of my storeen;
Hoping to God not to miss
The sound of his footfall in it,
I have waited so long for his kiss
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love! you were so—
As the moon is, or the sun on a fountain,
And I thought after that you were snow,
The cold snow on top of the mountain,
And I thought after that you were more
Like God's lamp shining to find me,
Or the bright star of knowledge before
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
And satin and silk, my storeen,
And to follow me, never to lose,
Though the ocean were round us roaring;
Like a bush in a gap in a wall
I am left now, lonely without thee,
And this house I grow dead of, is all
That I see around about me.

Another poem in the same book, "The Breedyeen," is a clever reproduction in English of one of the oldest bardic metres. The English language does not offer the same facilities for this peculiar style of versification as the Irish, but Dr. Hyde seems to have overcome most of the difficulties which beset the path of the translator.

'Tis the Breedyeen I love,
All dear ones above,
Like a star from the start
Round my heart did she move,
Her breast like a dove,
Or the foam in the cove,
With her gold locks apart,
In my heart she put love.

To the hills let us go,
Where the ravens and crow
In the dark dismal valleys
Croak death-like and low;
By this volume I swear,
O bright *cool* of fair hair,
That though solitude shrieked
I should seek for thee there.

To the hills let us go,
Where the raven and crow
In the dark dismal valleys
Wing silent and slow.
There's no joy in men's fate,
But grief grins in the gate;
There's no Fair without Foul,
Without Crooked no Straight.

Her neck like the lime,
And her breath like the thyme,
And her bosom untroubled
By care or by time.
Like a bird in the night,
At a great blaze of light,
Astonished and wounded
I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,
I gave thee my love,
I gave thee my love,
O thou berry so bright.
The sun in her height
Looked on with delight,
And between thy two arms may
I die on the night.

"The Love Songs of Connacht" should be in the hands of every Irish reader, for a purity of diction, eloquence of expression and depth of sentiment, the volume will afford excellent study and selections in the original Gaelic will delight every student of that language. It costs but a small sum and may be ordered through any bookdealer. One of the chief delights of Dr. Hyde's Gaelic writings is his simplicity of language. He shuns obsolete and abstruce terms, employing the best known words only and manages to express the most beautiful ideas in language so simple that a young student can read most of his works with ease. The Gaelic revival movement has thriven since he has been connected with it, and who can say that he will not see the object of his ambition achieved: the de-Anglicization of Ireland?

A hundred years ago but few people spoke the Welsh tongue; now every person there speaks his native language. Dare any one say the same is impossible in Ireland?

M. J. MURPHY.

ILLINOIS MAN ELECTED.

CLOSE VOTE AT THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

Colonel Lawler Having but Eleven Majority Over Walker, of Indiana—The Narrow Margin a Surprise to Both Parties—Other Officers Elected.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 14.—The homeward rush of Pittsburg's soldier visitors has begun in earnest. Together with their relatives and friends who accompanied them to this city, they are leaving town in almost as large numbers as they came down upon the city. For the purpose of the gathering is practically accomplished; the great annual parade has been held; the encampment has heard the yearly reports, and the place for the next meeting has been selected. Last of all—and a matter that attracts as much interest and attention as the great parade—the commander-in-chief has been elected, and his name is Lawler, from the Prairie State. There has never been so closely contested an election nor one in which the winner had so short a margin.

Both Parties Much Surprised.

And it was this short margin that surprised both the candidates and their supporters. Each had, previous to the ballot, felt sure that he had enough votes to "get there" with a hundred or so over. And the way each figured, as stated yesterday in these dispatches, gave the outsider the impression that both would be elected. But the tug of war showed where they stood, and when the ballots were counted Lawler had just 11 votes more than Walker. The total vote was: Lawler, 330; Walker, 319. The list of officers was completed as follows: Senior vice commander, Major C. P. Burchard, of Pittsburg; junior vice, Charles Shute, of Louisiana; surgeon general, O. W. Weeks, of Ohio; chaplain-in-chief, T. H. Haggerty, of St. Louis.

The Council of Arbitration.

The council of administration includes the following: Utah, C. O. Farnsworth; California, Colonel E. T. Blackmer; Vermont, Ebenezer J. Ormsbee; Virginia and North Carolina, A. Hager; South Dakota, Governor Charles H. Shelton; Delaware, Charles Zerbey; Ohio, R. H. Cochrane; Mississippi, F. M. Sterrett; Nebraska, J. F. De Cher; New Jersey, Emanuel Sanols; Rhode Island, Charles A. Barboar; New York, David S. Brown; Michigan, George H. Hopins; Minnesota, Albert Schaffer; Washington, C. H. Holmes; Tennessee, W. H. Veasey; Iowa, Albert W. Swalin; Potomac, G. M. Pusted; West Virginia, I. H. Duval; Georgia, Jos. H. Thibadeau; Kansas, O. H. Coulter; Kentucky, Charles W. Herdman; Alabama, G. H. Patrick; Wisconsin, O. W. Carlson; Illinois, H. S. Dietrick; Indiana, W. H. Armstrong.

Lawler's Fine Army Record.

Colonel Thomas G. Lawler was born in Liverpool about fifty years ago. He came to this country when he was 10 years old, and was 17 when the war began. His army service began in April, 1861, when he made a three months' contract to fight for the stars and stripes in the Nineteenth Illinois infantry. Sept. 17 of the same year he re-enlisted for three years as a private in Company E of the Nineteenth, with which brave regiment he participated in all the fire and fuss which the Army of the Cumberland was fated to pass through. He was honorably discharged Sept. 17, 1864, his rank at that time being sergeant. On receiving his discharge he returned to Rockford, where he has ever since made his home and where his record as a citizen has ever remained as free from blemish as was his record as a soldier in the field. He gets his title as colonel from the national guard.

Looks Much Like Gen. Logan.

Colonel Lawler was among the early members of post 1?4 of the Grand Army of the Republic, which was formed in 1866, and helped to escort General John A. Logan when the general delivered an address about that time. Just here it may be mentioned the marked resemblance in personal appearance between General Logan and Colonel Lawler has often been referred to by those who have seen and known both of the men. In sterling mental and social traits the two men were also remarkably alike. Colonel Lawler, previous to election to the commandership, served as past and senior vice commander of Nevius post, and he now enjoys the unique record of not only being the commander of the oldest Grand Army of the Republic post in existence, but of having filled that position uninterruptedly for more than a quarter of a century.

DISCUSSED COL. AINSWORTH.

Work of the Auxiliary Organizations—Display of Fireworks.

As soon as the election was announced peals of applause rang through the opera house. When some semblance of quiet was restored Colonel Walker withdrew his name and the election of Colonel Lawler was made unanimous. In a brief speech the new commander-in-chief thanked his supporters, and said he would work to the utmost for the advancement of that grand organization—the Grand Army of the Republic. Nevius post, of Rockford, Ills., in honor of the election of Colonel Lawler, fired a salute of twenty-one guns on the river bank. Dinner was next in order, and upon reassembling the encampment took up the resolutions censuring Colonel Ainsworth, of the pension department at Washington, for discharging veterans from government employ.

After a long debate the resolutions censuring Colonel Ainsworth were not adopted. A series of resolutions was carried, however, declaring that distress has fallen on many comrades through the withdrawal from them of "that preference in the public service to which they are justly entitled, and which it should always be the grateful duty of the authorities of the national government to accord;" that the Grand Army protests against the conduct of those public servants, "more particularly at the national capital, who without necessity, justification or valid excuse, and contrary to the repeated declarations and assurances of the legislative and executive authorities of the government, have deprived many hundreds of honorably discharged soldiers and sailors of the Union army and navy, and the widows, sons and daughters of those deceased, of their employment in the public offices."

The resolutions go on to say that veterans "holding employment under the government should have and they have the right to demand from the executive authorities that protection awarded them by the national legislature, and any failure on the part of those authorities to so protect them is a violation of law and of patriotic principle which excites our strongest reprobation." That inasmuch as the efforts of the Grand Army have proved unavailing an appeal is made to the people for an expression through the press, and in other ways on fit occasions, of the national sense of gratitude to the survivors of the Union armies.

Commander-in-Chief Adams then returned thanks for all the honors bestowed upon him, and Past Commander-in-Chief R. B. Beath installed, with all the ceremony of the ritual, the elected officers and all the G. A. R. flags, records and effects were turned over to the new officials. Commander-in-Chief Lawler here grasped the gavel, and soon the new chaplain-in-chief, Haggerty, came to the footlights to pronounce the benediction and the twenty-eighth encampment was finished. This is the first time an encampment has concluded its business and elected and installed its officers in a sitting of two days.

All the auxiliary organizations were busy electing officers during the day. The Veteran Signal Service Corps association elected W. H. Holmes, of Iowa, president, and Charles D. W. Marcy, of Boston, secretary. The Daughters of Veterans made Mrs. E. M. Walker, of Massachusetts, president, and Miss Ida J. Allen, of Newtonville, Mass., treasurer. The Woman's Relief Corps elected the following officers without much friction: President, Mrs. Emma R. A. Wallace, of Chicago; senior vice president, Mrs. Helen R. Morrison, of Smithport, Pa.; junior vice president, Mrs. Lizzie R. Herrick, of Seattle, Wash.; treasurer, Mrs. Armila A. Cheney, of Detroit; chaplain, Mrs. S. Agnes Parker, of Massachusetts.

At the session of the ladies of the G. A. R. the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Nettie E. Gunlock, of Chicago; treasurer, Mrs. J. C. George, of Washington; chaplain, Mrs. Mary E. Reynolds, of Wisconsin.

A fitting close to the day was the display of fireworks on the Monongahela river at the foot of Smithfield street. The citizens committee outdid itself and furnished a display that has seldom been surpassed. At least 20,000 people lined the wharf, Mount Washington, the bridges, and house tops in the vicinity. A few trifling accidents occurred during the evening, but nothing of a serious character resulted.

The new commander-in-chief issued his first orders last night, appointing C. C. Jones, of Rockford, Ills., adjutant general, and Comrade J. N. Burst, of Syracuse, Ills., quartermaster general, and establishing headquarters at Rockford, Ills.

AH SIN SORT OF KNOCKED OUT.

According to Japanese Reports He Loses 16,000 Out of an Army of 20,000.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Japan is in practical possession of Corea. It has routed the Chinese army in the first big land engagement that has taken place, and routed it so thoroughly that China will be powerless until she can send another army to Corea. The Chinese losses, according to a dispatch received from Seoul, are placed at 16,000 killed, while the Japanese only lost thirty killed and 270 wounded. The entire Chinese army—at least what was left of it—was put to rout and scattered in every direction, leaving no large organized Chinese force on Corean soil. As far as China is concerned, she is in the position of having to begin the war all over again and under much more disadvantageous conditions than when she first sent troops to Corea.

The Japanese are not only in possession, but they are flushed with success and have every opportunity for strengthening their position. The engagement was fought at Ping-Yang, beginning with a reconnaissance in force by the Japs on Thursday last, a fight all along the line Friday in which neither party gained much advantage and a flanking movement and surprise put in operation by the Japs on Saturday, which was decisive, the Chinese not knowing the Japs were in the rear until they fell on them. The Chinese, except a few trained by Europeans, threw down their arms and fled. The Chinese army was 20,000 strong behind fortifications.

Later particulars show that the Japs outnumbered the Chinese three to one and that there were not more than 2,800 killed, but the remainder of the Chinese army, about 1,600 men, are either wounded or prisoners. The Japanese are now pushing northward for the purpose of securing the passes and meeting the Chinese on the border.

Defense of Henry Villard.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Wheeler H. Peckham, counsel for Henry Villard, referring to the charge in the report of Master in Chancery Cary that Villard got some money illegally out of Northern Pacific deals, says that Cary's report does not say that Villard was entitled to nothing, but that he got too much; that is a matter of opinion, and if any one will bring suit against Villard the charge will be met and controverted.

State of War in Colorado.

DEBEQUE, Sept. 13.—The sheep men who were the sufferers from the late raids on their herds on the Book cliffs are holding the disputed territory, guarding every avenue of ingress vigilantly. A party of hunters from here who went up to hunt were stopped at the top of the trail and ordered to go back. Cattlemen the other day raided the herds, wounded a herder and slaughtered nearly 5,000 sheep.

Town Swept Away by a Tornado.

PERRY, O. T., Sept. 18.—A terrible tornado passed through Jennings and Mining and blew fifty houses to atoms. A young lady and two children were killed and several people injured. Several houses caught fire at Mining and a conflagration followed.

THE DEATH RECORD.

ALBERT SMITH, city attorney, at Cairo, Ills.

JESSIE HILL, the oldest settler of McLean county, Ills.

D. MCMORROW, wealthy citizen of Mason City, Ia.

Captain PERRETT, one of the oldest marine men in the west, at Chicago.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES S. PONEROY, Presbyterian minister, at Cleveland.

WILLIAM T. POPE, leading business man of Effingham, Ills.

DON PIO PICO, last Mexican governor of California, at Los Angeles, Cal.

DANIEL SCULLY, one of the oldest justices of the peace in Chicago.

JAMES H. BROWN, ex-mayor of Annapolis, Md.

Captain JAMES WILSON, well known Ohio river man, at Walnut, Ills.

DAY K. SMITH, president of the Duluth Transfer railway, at Kansas City.

Captain W. P. BRIDGMAN of the man-of-war Baltimore, at Tacoma, Wash.

Rev. D. F. CARNAHAN, highly respected clergyman of Champaign, Ills.

Mrs. MARTHA HUSTON, pioneer settler of Warsaw, Ills.

PHILIP O'CONNOR, well known steamboat captain, at Milwaukee.

IT RAINED BLAZING PETROLEUM.

Explosion of a Burning Tank Car Sets Fourteen Persons on Fire.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Sept. 17.—A freight train on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha railroad, which left Eau Claire at midnight, was ditched two miles west of Hammond. The train carried two oil cars. One of the oil tanks took fire and exploded. A car of coal and the caboose also burned. Later while the passenger train from Minneapolis was waiting west of the scene of the accident and the whole train load of passengers were passing around the wreck to take a train on the other side the other oil tank in the wreck exploded. The fragments of the tank whizzed through the air with a noise like bomb-shells, and a shower of burning oil fell upon the people.

The list of injured is as follows: William Conroy, of Ellsworth, hands badly burned; C. Kromrey, of Neillsville, head burned; M. R. Dickey, of Cleveland, O., hair burned off, hands badly burned; H. Rudiger, of Menominee, hands and face burned; Ed Syverson, section hand, badly burned; Conductor Fredericks, hands badly burned; John Belevick, of Minneapolis, hands and face burned; Levi W. Myers, of Wapelo, Ia., hands, face and head burned, body saved by tearing off clothes; Olaf Kvool, of Hudson, clothes burned off, entire body badly blistered; Edward Gardiner, of Hammond, hands badly burned; Robert B. Clark, of Chippewa Falls, neck and head scorched; Mrs. W. J. Nott, of Menominee, hands slightly burned; T. J. Watkins, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, knocked down by the explosion, head scorched; S. M. Curtis, of Milwaukee, neck burned.

No one had supposed there was any danger, as the oil had been burning for some time. The tank contained about 6,000 gallons of oil. Dickey and Rudiger and an elderly man whose name could not be learned were the most seriously injured. Rudiger's clothes were all burned from his body. The hands of several of the injured were so badly burned that the flesh peeled off. The conductor and other trainmen of the passenger, regardless of themselves, worked heroically fighing the fire and getting the women and children to a place of safety.

REPUBLICANS OF COLORADO.

Nominate A. W. McIntyre to Run Against Gov. Waite.

DENVER, Sept. 14.—There were 953 delegates present when the Republican state convention was called to order, a few of whom were women. The routine business was quickly transacted and Senators Teller and Wolcott addressed the convention. Wolcott said that the plank demanding the free coinage of silver was the only thing in the Populist platform which merited the consideration of the voters. "The Republicans also demand this," he said, "and when I am certain it cannot be secured through the latter I am ready and willing to leave it and join any other party which can show me it is able to bring about such a result." He added: "A new element has entered politics, and the women of the state must bear their share of the burden. There is no good citizen who does not thank his maker that the women will cast their ballots with him to prevent misrule."

At the conclusion of Wolcott's remarks Teller took the platform. He gave a brief history of the fight in congress last winter to prevent the repeal of the Sherman bill and stated that the silver cause all over the world was growing so rapidly that it was, in his opinion, but a short time until a free coinage law would be enacted by congress. He agreed with his colleague in his statement that he was willing to withdraw from the Republican party when it ceased to be friendly to the cause of silver.

The committee on credentials made its report and the temporary organization was made permanent. Nominations being in order the following were made: Judge of the supreme court, John Campbell, of Colorado Springs; governor, A. W. McIntyre, of Alamosa; lieutenant governor, Jud Brush, of Greeley; secretary of state, A. B. McTaffney, of Denver; state treasurer, Harry L. Muluix, of Trinidad. It being after 5 o'clock when this nomination was made, and the delegates having had no dinner, an adjournment was taken for the day.

ODD FELLOWS IN COUNCIL.

The Supreme Body of the Order Meets at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 18.—The sovereign grand lodge, I. O. O. F., has begun its sessions at Lookout Inn, the usual welcoming speeches being made by Gov. Turney and Mayor Ochs. Grand Sire Campbell delivered his annual address, stating that there were 780,000 members of the order, which now extends all over the world and is rapidly growing. There are 100,000 members of the Rebekah degree also and it is rapidly increasing in numbers. All in all his address showed a very encouraging picture of growth for the order.

The grand treasurer reported receipts of the sovereign grand lodge during the past year of $33,351.25 and the grand secretary the receipts of the whole order to have been $165,056,287 since 1630, of which $64,376,225 has gone for relief of members, their widows and families. He calls attention to the fact that the color question has arisen in the Sandwich Islands lodge, where members have married women one-quarter native. The children of these parents cannot join a lodge in the United States, because the color line is in the constitution, and the secretary says that the sooner this is changed the better.

The attendance is small, not more than 1,000 being present. All the business done was routine on the first day. During the afternoon the lodge visited Chicamauga battle field. Today the grand parade takes place.

HOLOCAUST AT WASHINGTON.

Fire Breaks Out in a Mattress Factory with Terrible Results.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.—The most fatal fire of recent years in Washington was the burning of the mattress factory of Stumph & Bros. Four bodies are at the morgue, charred and crushed beyond recognition; one is dead at the hospital; three injured men are at the hospital, and there may be others buried under the ruins, as several of the workmen are unaccounted for. Two of the dead at the morgue are now known to be William H. Tennyson, an old man employed in the factory, and Willie Ashe, a boy of 13 years, and James F. Vaughn, a clerk, is the man dead at the hospital. Four others who are missing are Henry Fowler, Phillip Ackerman, Robert Reitzel and an old man who had been employed in the factory but a few days and whose name is not remembered by his employer.

THE COLONEL RETIRED.

BRECKINRIDGE BEATEN BY OWENS AT THE PRIMARIES.

The District Has a Close Call, However, and the Plurality Against Breckinridge Will Hardly Reach 400—Intense Excitement During the Election.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Sept. 17.—The most remarkable political campaign on record is closed. The result is in the ballot boxes of the primaries, but at this hour the only thing that is known is that Breckenridge is a beaten man, so far as the votes go. The Owens men claim his election by 410 plurality now instead of the 1,200 to 1,500 they were sure of twenty-four hours ago; while the Breckinridge men, admitting defeat, will not concede over 170. There is talk of a contested election, but Breckinridge declines to talk, although he is reported to have said when it began to be evident that he was beaten that Owens would have no more loyal supporter than himself (Breckinridge.)

How the Counties Were Carried.

The returns to the present hour show that the counties were carried as follows: Owens—Scott, Woodford, Franklin, Oldham; Breckinridge—Bourbon, Fayette, Henry; Settle—Owen, his own county. W. C. Owens, the winning candidate, is a prominent man in his party, and a native of Scott county, where he has lived all his life. He is 44 years old and unmarried. He is a graduate of Columbia college law school, of 1873. Two years later he began his political career in a successful race for county attorney of Scott county. He resigned this office, and was sent to the legislature for five consecutive terms. He was one of the most influential members of the house and was speaker at the session of 1881-1882. He was Democratic elector for his district in 1880, and a delegate from the state at large to the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1892, being chosen temporary chairman of that body. He first ran for congress against Joseph C. S. Blackburn in 1882.

WOMAN THE CAUSE OF HIS FALL.

Ladies All Over the District Prayed and Worked for Willie's Defeat.

No election or other occasion ever caused such a general suspension of business and daily duties as this contest. The district is the Seventh, but is better known as the "Ashland." For months it has been alive with the most bitter personal agitation. It was not a political, not even a factional, fight. It was a moral contest, and during the last few days it became intensely personal, so much so that the nomination was not the only issue. Colonel Breckinridge was fighting for life, and he never before made such speeches or displayed such executive ability in organization. He marshalled every man he could command, but he could not command the women. They had no votes, but they were the controlling element in the fight.

At the Owens headquarters they say in their rejoicing: "The ladies did it." The ladies could not get ward workers to their prayer or other meetings, but their organization of committees of one generally got promises at home out of voters who needed no watching on entering the booths. With the saloons closed, the women praying and the best influences all aroused there was a tolerably quiet election, with excitement and bitter feeling at their highest pitch. The greatest surprise of the day was the good order everywhere. There were some personal encounters, but not as many as usual at closely contested elections. There was, however, great precautions taken to prevent trouble.

Old friend and neighbors had been having their inning and they wanted only the voting. If the Breckinridge men had enforced their challenge rule strictly as they had expected there would have been trouble. So closely had the canvassing and polling been done that the challengers knew how almost all the Democrats stood, and they could have kept many from voting. But the Owens men procured an injunction from court restraining the enforcement of the rule, and little attempt was made to carry out the instructions of the district committee.

The absence of serious trouble was the result probably of the fact that every one knew that if trouble did begin it would be very serious; therefore everybody was on guard to prevent a beginning. But there were a few outbreaks in some of which deadly weapons were used.

BORN IN THE FRIGID ZONE.

Lieutenant Peary's Family Increased While in the Arctic Regions.

ST. JOHNS, Nd., Sept. 17.—The steamer Falcon, Captain Henry Bartlett, has returned here, bringing back the whole personnel of the Peary expedition of last year, except Lieutenant Peary himself, Hugh Lee (a companion), and Matthew Henson (a colored servant), all of whom remain at Bowdoin bay for another year, hoping to accomplish the work of the expedition which is still left unfulfilled. The first incident of note on the expedition was the birth of Mrs. Peary's baby on Sept. 12, 1893, a month after the Falcon left last year.

The expedition was handicapped by exceptionally severe storms, but scentific observations were made all winter, and were very successful. All attempts to penetrate northward, however, were frustrated by the weather. The temperature dropped to 60 below zero, the dogs died and a number of the explorers were badly frost-bitten. Peary and a party attempted to get north, but could only make 150 miles in a forty-five days trip, going and coming. The rest of the time was taken up with observations in the vicinity of Falcon bay, the headquarters. When the relief expedition found the party all were well and glad of the opportunity to return home, except Lieutenant Peary and the others mentioned above. No trace of the Swedish explorers, Bjorling and Ralsgenius, was found and their death is regarded as certain.

Iowa Mulct Law Constitutional.

DES MOINES, Sept. 17.—Judge Spurrier in the district court, in a lengthy opinion holds that the Martin mulct law is constitutional. The title of the case was D. F. Witter vs. J. L. Faulkner and J. M. Newman. The case will be appealed.

Partial Eclipse of the Moon.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 15.—The partial eclipse of the moon was easily visible for about two hours last night. The phenomenon was witnessed by many persons.

Congressman Johnson Renominated.

CLEVELAND, Sept. 17.—Congressman Tom L. Johnson was renominated for congress by the Twenty-first district Cleveland) Democratic convention.

BANDITS BEATEN OFF.

Met with Bullets While Trying to Rob a Train.

GORIN, Mo., Sept. 18.—A plot to hold up the Colorado and Utah express on the Santa Fe road was discovered and armed detectives placed on the train. When the train neared this place it was signaled. As the engineer shut off steam he was fired upon by the bandits and badly wounded.

Then the detectives got in their work, and gave the robbers such a warm reception that they ran into the woods. A sheriff's possee was soon in pursuit, and as the men are all known they will be captured dead or alive.

WORKED THE COMBINATION

And Got Away with $10,000 from an Illinois Bank.

HOOPESTOWN, Sept. 13.—The Campbell bank at Rossville was robbed of $10,000 at high noon. The bank was closed for dinner but thirty minutes, when Mr. Campbell returned and found the safe door open and the money gone. Entrance had been effected through a back window, the combination worked and escape made in a remarkably short time.

Officials of the Citizens' bank of Rossville, Ill., have given up all hope of recovering the $8,586 stolen. Owing to an entire absence of currency the bank was forced to close its doors for one day, but reopened the next.

Mrs. Gougar Loses Her Suit.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The celebrated suit for $25,000 damages brought against Representative E. B. Morse, of Canton, Mass., by Mrs. Helen M. Gougar, the temperance and woman suffrage advocate, of LaFayette, Ind., terminated last night in a victory for the defendant. The jury, after being out one hour and forty-five minutes, rendered a verdict of acquittal. Hon. Harvey Sheppard, Mrs. Gougar's counsel, immediately made application for a new trial. Representative Morse was congratulated on all sides, and cordially invited the jurors to call on him if they should ever go Washington.

Mayor and Evangelist Quarel.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 19.—There was a sensational scene in the office of Mayor Eustis. John P. Quinn, a reformed gambler evangelist, now in the city, had charged in a talk before the Young Men's Christian association that not only was there gambling in Minneapolis, but that the municipal authorities knew it and licensed it. The mayor invited Quinn to his office and the men had a warm discussion, the mayor denying Quinn's charges and demanding that he prove them. At the end of the talk Quinn got down on his knees and prayed that the mayor might see his duty aright.

Russian Thistle Is a Terror.

DENVER, Sept. 18.—The Russian thistle has made such inroads upon farming lands in the eastern part of Colorado that it has begun to attract serious attention. The pest made its appearance in Colorado at a comparatively recent date, but has spread in an astonishing manner. Two years ago a bunch of it five feet in diameter appeared in Fremont county, and from that small patch it has spread until it extends over a territory ten miles square.

Fire Sufferers in Wisconsin.

WEST SUPERIOR, Sept. 17.—Major Mahoney, who was sent out by Governor Peck to investigate the losses by fire in the burned district in this state, has completed his task. The major says he found the situation less distressing than he expected and that all that is needed now is stoves for refugees from Barronnette and Cumberland.

Fatally Stabbed in a Fight.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Sept. 18.—William Neninger and William Frederick were probably fatally stabbed in a free fight at a dance in the east end.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firmer, with actual business in bankers' bills 486¼@486¾ for demand and 485¼@485¾ for sixty days; posted rates 488@488½. Commercial bills 484¼@484¾.

Silver certificates, 63¾ bid; no sales; bar silver 64¾. Mexican dollars 52¼.

United States bonds, 5's regular, 110¼; do. 5's coupons, 110¼; do. 4's regular, 114; do. 4's coupons, 115; do. 2's, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—September, opened 52¾c, closed 52¾c; December, opened 56¼c, closed 56¼c; May, opened 61¼c, closed 61¼c. Corn—September, opened 54¼c, closed 54¾c; October, opened 53¼c, closed 53¾c. Oats—September, opened 29¾c, closed 29¾c; October, opened 30¼c, closed 30¾c; May, opened 35¼c, closed 36c. Pork—September, opened $—, closed $14.00; January, opened $13.80; closed $13.95. Lard—September, opened $—, closed $4.90; January, opened $—; closed $—.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 13 1?c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 12@13c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 15@15½ per doz. Live Poultry—Chickens, 6½ per lb; spring chickens, 9c; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 6@8c; geese, $4.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes—Rose, 70@75c per bushel; early Ohio, 70@75c. Apples—$1.00@2.00 per bbl. Berries—Blueberries, 75c@1.10 per 16-qt case. Honey—White clover in 1-lb sections, 12@12½c; broken comb, 10@11c; dark comb, good condition, 10c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Sept. 17.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 23,000; sales ranged at $3.30@5.70 pigs, $5.00@5.15 light, $5.20@5.45 rough packing, $5.30@5.60 mixed, and $5.50@6.60 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 22,000; quotations ranged at $3.40@5.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.80@5.50 good to choice do, $3.85@4.50 fair to good, $3.00@3.70 common to medium do, $2.85@3.50 butchers' steers, $1.80@2.75 stockers, $2.40@3.35 feeders, $1.85@3.00 cows, $2.25@3.35 heifers, $1.50@3.25 bulls, $2.50@3.20 Texas steers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 12,000; prices ranged at $1.65@3.15 western, $1.40@2.75 Texans, $2.40@3.60 natives, and $1.50@4.10 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 17.

Wheat—Weak; No. 2 spring, 54¼c; No. 1 northern, 61c; December, 55¼c. Corn—Scarce and firm; No. 3 white, 36c. Oats—Firm; No. 2 white, 33c; No. 3 white, 33@33½c. Barley—Quiet; No. 2, 63¼c; samples, 52¼@54¼c. Rye—Steady; No. 1, 49¼c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 17.

Wheat—Cash, higher; 50c; September, 50c; December, 52¾c; May, 58½. Corn—Lower; cash, 54¼c; September, 54¼c; December, 49c; May, 50¾c. Oats—Firm; cash, 31c; September, 31¼c; October, 31c; May, 35c. Pork—Lower; jobbing, $14.½. Lard—Higher; steam, $4.85; choice, $5.00.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

The sharpie Nina, with Captain Frietsch on board and well, has arrived at Queenstown, Ireland, from New York. The trip took thirty-eight days.

The Arch Fair, a large four-story brick building stocked with general merchandise and located at 436-438 Sixty-third street, Chicago, was burned, causing a loss of $90,000.

Charles B. Matthews, of Buffalo, is the Populist nominee for governor of New York.

Congressional nominations: Eighth Illinois district, Lew Steward; Twelfth Indiana, W. F. McNagny; thirteenth Indiana, Lew Wanner; Second Michigan, J. S. Gorman; Seventh Michigan, C. E. Carleton; Sixth Wisconsin, Owen A. Wells; Eighth Wisconsin, L. E. Barnes; Tenth Wisconsin, E. C. Kennedy; Sixth Minnesota, M. R. Baldwin—all Democrats.

At Bowling Green, Ky., a negro boy who had outraged a 7-year-old white girl was tried, found guilty and sentenced the next day. The sentence was that he be hanged Nov. 14.

By the death of an uncle in India, William Baker, a stitcher in a shoe factory at New Cannon, Conn., becomes one of the heirs to an estate valued at $50,000,000.

It is stated in London that a French and Dutch syndicate is trying to corner the block tin market.

Friday, Sept. 14.

Colonel Thomas J. Dolan, a well-known Chicago politician, has been pronounced insane by a jury and sent to the asylum at Elgin.

Judge James R. Doolittle has been nominated for congress by the Democrats of the first Wisconsin district.

Marshall H. Abbott, an extensive real estate operator at Salem, Mass., has failed for $500,000.

News from Shanghai is to the effect that the Chinese and Japanese have had a two-days' fight in Corea without decisive results except as to casualties, of which there is no report.

Over 500 union men quit work on a Chicago sky scraper because the boss refused to proscribe seventeen men who did not have union cards.

Rev. Charles Clancey, of Frontier, Mich., was tarred and feathered by forty masked men, some of whom are said to be husbands who objected to his manner of conducting his church.

The track of the Mexican National railroad has been washed away by floods in northern Mexico and all trains are tied up.

Saturday, Sept. 15.

Snow, the first of the season, has fallen in Nebraska and Montana. Omaha reports a fall following a heavy rain storm.

The Canadian steamer Enterprise, laden with 27,000 bushels of wheat from Fort Williams to Kingston, stranded on North Point Reef, near Alpena, Mich. The cargo is a total loss.

A fire which originated in a barn in San Francisco, Cala., consumed over thirty buildings before it was extinguished. The loss approximated $100,000.

Congressional nominations: Fifth California district, E. V. Lond, Republican; Fourth California, T. B. Shannon, Republican; Ninth Alabama, T. H. Aldrich, Republican; Fourth Virginia, Colonel Thomas Goode, Populist; New Mexico (delegate), T. B. Mills, Populist.

John H. Fisher was shot and instantly killed at Hallwood, Va., by William and Arthur Wright, brothers. Fisher accused William Wright of setting fire to his fodder stacks and Wright called him a liar.

Official figures of the Maine election give Cleaver (Rep.) 33,494 plurality over Johnson (Dem.). The total vote was 107,249.

Monday, Sept. 17.

John A. Herst met death in a singular manner near Sograham Flats, I. T. He laid down to sleep with a quid of tobacco in his mouth and was strangled.

Republicans of the Eighth Iowa district will open the campaign with a meeting at Creston, Ia., at which Senator Allison will sound a keynote.

The latest new party is in evidence at Emporia, Kan. Its one platform plank is a "land currency" bill—the idea being paper based on land alone and the abolition of metal money.

The annual session of the sovereign grand lodge of the I. O. O. F. is in session at Chattanooga.

Robert J. and Joe Patchen will measure speed at Davenport, Ia., for a purse of $4,500, best three in five, $1,500 to the loser.

Military companies of Spokane, Tekoa and Sprague, Wash., failed in their duty at Tacoma during the strike, and a military court has decided that company C, of Spokane, be disbanded; that Captain Stearns, of Tekoa, be discharged, and that a number of individual members of the companies be dishonorably discharged.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.

Patrick O'Leary, the husband of the woman who owned the cow that kicked over the lamp that set Chicago in a blaze in 1871, is dead. Mrs. O'Leary survives her husband. She is 73 years old.

North Enid, O., lost its most important portion by an incendiary fire. Seven buildings were burned in the business heart of the town.

The Indiana state fair has opened at Indianapolis. Among the attractions is a "Midway Plaisance."

The Second congressional district Democratic convention at Sacramento, Cal., refused, by a vote of 95 to 106, to accept the declination of Camiuetti for congressman, and he was renominated by acclamation.

Miss Nettie Farlow, a Chicago girl, eloped from Indianapolis with a young man named Michael Berry, who, it develops, is a horse thief and all-round swindler.

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TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER X.



There was no one to receive him but Mabel, and he wanted no one more.

August was close at hand. Queen City "society" had scattered in every direction. The mountains and the seashore were levying tribute on the plethoric pockets of the "big men" on 'Change and on business of every conceivable kind. Blinds and shutters were closed at scores of hospitable mansions in the narrow streets of the old city, and even in the elegant villas that crowned the surrounding heights. The sun glare at midday was so intense that no man was safe in venturing forth without a huge sunshade of some kind, and even within the sacred precincts of the club, where broad awnings hung on every side and palm leaf fans were in constant motion, the men strolled into luncheon in shirts of lightest flannel or pongee, with rolling collars and infinitesimal neckties. Every one who could leave town had long since gone; and yet the Vincents lingered. Each day seemed to add to the anxiety in the mother's eyes as she watched her husband's aging face. He had returned from a business trip of ten days or so looking hopeful and buoyant, and had gone to the office the following morning with light step and cheery demeanor, but came home long after the dinner hour listless and dispirited—a severe headache, he said, but the wife knew that it was far more than head or heart ache. The family physician took occasion to warn Mr. Vincent that he was doing himself grievous wrong—that his health imperatively demanded rest and change of scene. Vincent looked in the good old doctor's face with a world of dumb misery in his eyes, and only answered, "I will—I will—in a week or so. I cannot quit my post just now. Clark is taking his vacation. When he returns I'll go." And until he could accompany them Mrs. Vincent refused to budge; and yet she began to urge that Mabel should start now. What was to prevent her going at once and joining the Woodrows at Deer park? Clarissa and Eleanor Woodrow were always such friends of hers. But Mabel begged that she might stay until both papa and mamma could go too; she could not be content there without them, or at least without mother; and Mrs. Vincent could not find the words in which to frame the cause of her greatest apprehension.

The one man whom the heat was powerless to subdue was Gordon Noel. In the most immaculate and becoming costumes of white or straw color that genial officer would saunter into the club at noontide, looking provokingly cool and comfortable, and, as he expressed it, "without having turned a hair."

"Hot!" he would say. "Call this hot? Why, bless your hearts, fellows, you ought to live in Arizona awhile! Gad! I've come in sometimes from a scout through the Gila desert and rushed for cold cream to plaster on my nose and cheeks: it would all be melted, of course; but when I clapped it on it would sizzle like so much lard in a frying pan. And down at Fort Yuma our hens laid hard boiled eggs from June to October." And then his eyes would twinkle with fun, and he would bury his dark mustache in the cracked ice of his julep with infinite relish.

"I say," queried Mr. Morris of his chum, Terry, Jr., one languid afternoon after Noel had jauntily strolled away, "don't you envy a feller who can enjoy life like that?"

"Never saw anything like it!" quoth the younger. "One would suppose that after being a slave all mawning in those beastly works I ought to enjoy a little recreation; but I can't, you know."

"Queer ducks, those army fellers! Gad! this love making by proxy is what gets me—this sort of Miles Standish courtship business. She's prettier, though, than the original Priscilla."

"How do you mean?" queried young Terry, vaguely. He had been brought up under the thumb of his elder brother, and from the outset had been given to understand that if he expected to share in the profits he must learn the business. There had been no college for him, and New England legends were scaled books.

"Why, I mean that 'twouldn't surprise me a bit if we had a modern version of the old 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' He's with her incessantly."

"Oh! Miss Vincent you're speaking of. Her name's Mabel, I thought, not—what d'you call her?"

"Never mind, Jimmy," said Morris, rising. "Come and have a cigarette."

And it was not only in the club, over their cigars, that men spoke significantly of Noel's attentions to the lovely daughter of the [illegible] Vincent. It was not the men, indeed, who did the greater part of the talk. If they noticed and spoke of it what must not the women have been saying! Noel, quitting the hospitable roof of Cousin Amos, had taken rooms down in town, midway between the club and the Vincent homestead, and those two points became the limits of his field of action. The Withers household had gone to the Maryland mountains, and the massive master of the establishment was treating himself to a month's vacation.

Almost all the pretty girls were gone. What more natural than that Mr. Noel should so frequently seek the society of the prettiest of all, even if she were engaged to Frederick Lane, as people said she was before he went away? There was no monitorial Amos to call him off, no one to bid him turn his devotions elsewhere; and she herself could see no harm, for was not almost all his talk of Capt. Lane? Was he not his legal and devoted friend? The captain's letters came every day, and he seemed pleased to know that Noel had such pleasant things to say of him, and was so attentive—or rather kind, because it wasn't really on her account that he came so frequently. To be sure, Capt. Lane did not say much about the matter one way or the other; and if he saw no harm, if he expressed no dissatisfaction, who else had any right to find fault?

Her mother, was the answer that conscience pricked into her heart quicker even than she could think. For days past the good lady's manner to Noel had been gaining in distance and coolness. "She is ill at ease—worried about papa," was Mabel's attempt at a self satisfying plea; but conscience again warned her that she knew better—far better. Her father, engrossed in business cares that seemed only to increase with every day, had no eyes or ears for affairs domestic; and so it resulted that when Noel came sauntering in at evening with his jaunty, debonnaire, joyous manner, there was no one to receive him but Mabel, and he wanted no one more.

"Does Capt. Lane know of this and approve it?" was the grave question her mother had at last propounded.

"I have written to him with the utmost frankness, mother," was Miss Vincent's reply, while a wave of color swept over her face and a rebellious light gleamed in her eyes, "and he has never hinted at such a thing as disapproval. He has more confidence in me than you have. If he had not" ——

But the rest was left unsaid.

Poor Mrs. Vincent! She turned away, well knowing that argument or opposition in such matters was mistaken policy. The words that sprung to her lips were, "Alas! he does not know you as I do!" but she shut those lips firmly, rigorously denying herself the feminine luxury of the last word and the launching of a Parthain arrow that would have made, indeed, a telling shot. If heaven is what it is painted, there can be no more joy over the sinner that repenteth than over the woman who tramples down her fiercest temptation and "bridleth her tongue." Mrs. Vincent deserved to be canonized.

And meantime, how went the world with Lane? Faithful, honest, simple hearted man that he was, holding himself in such modest estimate, marveling as he often did over the fact that he could have really won the love of a being so radiant, so exquisite as Mabel, he lived in a dream that was all bliss and beauty, except for the incessant and all pervading longing to see her—to be near her. He loved her with an intensity that he had no means of expressing. Not a waking instant was she absent from his thoughts, and in his dreams she appeared to him, crowned with a halo such as never angel knew. He used to lie awake at times in the dead hours of the night, wondering if the very newsboys and workmen realized their blessed privilege, that they could step upon the flagstones that her little foot had pressed, that they could see her face, perhaps hear her voice, as she strolled in the cool of evening along the graveled pathway of the little park that adjoined her home. Loving her as he did, his heart went out to any one who knew her, or was even familiar with the city where she dwelt. He had felt for years a contempt for Gordon Noel that, at times, he had difficulty in disguising. Now he was tempted to write to him, to shut out the past, to open confidential relations and have him write long letters that should tell of her.

There were three men in his troop in whom he felt a vague, mysterious interest simply because they had been enlisted at the old rendezvous on Sycamore street, only three squares from her home. He was so full of hope and faith and love and gratitude that the whole garrison seemed to hold naught but cheer and friendliness. He never dreamed of the stories the men were telling or the confidences women were whispering about the post. Noel had written again to Mrs. Riggs, and Mrs. Riggs had not spared her information. It was now said in Queen City society that the engagement was of Mr. Vincent's making. He had been associated with Lane in some speculations that proved disastrous, but the captain had shown such command of money and had "put up" at such an opportune moment that they came out in good shape after all, and as soon as the old man found that Lane loved his daughter he insisted on her accepting him. The information about Lane's coming to the rescue with money he had heard from Mr. Vincent himself—as indeed he had. One evening when they were for the moment alone, in a burst of confidence to the man whom he believed to be a devoted friend of his prospective son-in-law, Vincent had told the silent officer the story of that perilous crisis and of Lane's prompt and generous loan—but not as Noel told it to Mrs. Riggs.

"Do not distress yourself, my darling one," wrote Lane to his fiancee, "because your letters are a little less frequent just now. I know how occupied you must be with preparation and how anxious you are about the dear old father. Next week you will be in the mountains; and then, as you say, people will give you time to write, and then, too, I shall be happy in your regaining health and spirits. The papers tell me how intense has been the heat; it almost equals ours here in one way, and is much worse in being moist and muggy. There is a prospect of my going on a two weeks' scout with my whole troop early in the month; but your letters will reach me safely."

Why was it that she should experience a feeling almost of relief in reading that he was going to be absent from the garrison awhile—going out on a two weeks' scout?

She had sent him, as she promised, a lovely cabinet photograph of herself that had been taken expressly for him. It came to the old frontier fort just as the men were marching up from evening stables, and the messenger, distributing the mail about the post, handed the packet to the captain as he stood with a little knot of comrades on the walk. There was instant demand that he should open it and show the picture to them, but, blushing like a girl, he broke away and hid himself in his room; and then, when sure of being uninterrupted, he took it to the window and feasted his eyes upon the exquisite face and form there portrayed. He kept it from that time in a silken case, which he locked in a bureau drawer whenever he left the house, but in the evening or when writing at his desk he brought it forth to light again and set it where every moment he could look upon and almost worship it.

And then came her letters announcing their safe arrival at Deer Park:

"Our journey was most trying, for the heat was intolerable until we got well up among the mountains. Papa came; but I know he is simply fretting his heart out with anxiety to get back to the office. Mr. Clark only returned from his vacation the day we started. Gordon Noel came down to the train to see us off, and brought mother a basket of such luscious fruit. He says that he has no home to go to now that we are gone. Indeed, he has been very thoughtful and kind, and I don't think he is quite happy despite his efforts to be always gay and cheerful.

"Do you really mean that you will be gone a fortnight? How I shall miss your dear letters, Fred. And now indeed I will try to write regularly. There's no one here I care anything about, though the hotel seems very full, and there is much dancing and gayety. You say that my letters will reach you, but I wonder how."

Lane read this with a sigh of relief. He had persuaded himself that it was because he dreaded the effect of the long continued hot weather upon her that he so desired her to get to the mountains. Any other thought would have been disloyalty to his queen. He wished—just a little bit—that she had not written of him as Gordon Noel: he much preferred that she should call him captain. She would not write so fully and frankly of him if he were anything but friendly, he argued, and she would not tolerate his visits on any other grounds. Yet she did not tell him that they had walked up and down the platform together for ten minutes before the train started, and that when it was time to part he had bent down and said, almost in a whisper:

"Do you want to send a message for me to Fred Lane in your next letter?"

"I will do so, if you wish," she murmured; but her eyes fell before the gaze in his, and the hot blood rushed to her face.

"Tell him there's no man in all the regiment I so long to see, and no man in all the world I so envy."

Probably conscience smote her, for during the week that followed five letters came—five letters in seven days! His heart went wild with delight over their tenderness. The last was written Saturday, and then none came for three days; and when the fourth day came and brought the longed for missive it was a disappointment, somehow.

"Papa left us to go back to the office last night," she wrote. "He could stand it no longer. I fear it did him little good here. The Witherses came on Saturday, and that strange girl, Miss Marshall, is with them. She always impresses me with the idea that she is striving to read my thoughts. She speaks so admiringly of you, and says you were 'so courteous' to her the night you dined at the Witherses'; and I do not remember your ever saying anything about her to me. You see, sir, I am much more communicative about my friends.

"We had such a delightful surprise Saturday night. Who should appear in the hop room but Gordon Noel. He stayed until the midnight train Sunday; and I really was very glad to see him."

And here Lane stopped reading for a while.

CHAPTER XI.

For some reason or other the scout which Lane's company had been ordered to hold itself in readiness to make was postponed, no further orders coming from department headquarters which required sending any troops into the mountains west of Fort Graham. The captain, far from being disappointed, seemed strangely relieved that he was not required to take his troop into the field at that particular moment. "Something had happened," said Mrs. Breese, who was a keen observer, "to change the spirit of his dream within the last few days." His face lacked the radiant and joyous look that it had had ever since he came back from the east. "Is he getting an inkling of the stories that are in circulation?" was the natural inquiry. "Is he beginning to learn that others were before him in that fair charmer's regard? Still, no one could question him. There was something about him, with all his frankness and kindliness, that held people aloof from anything like confidence.

He never had a confidant of either sex; and this was something that rendered him at one time somewhat unpopular among the women. Younger officers almost always, as a rule, had chosen some one of the married ladies of the regiment as a repositary of their cares and anxieties, their hopes and fears; but Lane had never indulged in any such luxury, and all the better for him was it. Now it was noticed with what eagerness and anxiety he watched for the coming of the mail. It was also observed that during the two weeks that followed only four letters were received in her, by this time, well known superscription. Lane, of course, reading the contents, could readily account for the scarcity. Her letters were full of descriptions of dances and picnics and riding parties to the neighboring mountains. They had met scores of pleasant people, and had become acquainted with a large circle from all parts of the country. They danced every evening regularly in the hop room, and were so thoroughly acquainted and so accustomed to one another's moods and fancies that hardly an hour passed in which they were not occupied in some pleasant recreation. Lawn tennis had always been a favorite game of hers, and her mother was glad, she said, to see her picking it up again with such alacrity. The open air was doing her good; her color was returning; the languor and weakness which had oppressed her when she first arrived after the long hot spell at home had disappeared entirely. But with returning health came all the longing for out door, active occupation, and, instead of having, as she had planned, hours in which to write to him, almost all her time now was taken up in joyous sports, in horseback rides, in long drives over the mountain roads and through the beautiful scenery by which they were surrounded. "And so," she said, "Fred, dear, in regaining health and color, I fear your Mabel has very sadly neglected you."



In an instant he thrust aside the second portiere.

His reply to her letter telling him of Mr. Noel's unexpected appearance at the Park was rather a difficult one for him to write. It was dawning upon him that the attentions of his regimental comrade to his fiancee were not as entirely platonic as they might be. Desire to show all courtesy and kindliness to the lady love of another officer was all very well in its way, but it did not necessitate daily calls when at home, and far less did it warrant his leaving his station without permission—running the risk of a reprimand, or even possible court martial—and taking a long journey, being absent from his post all Saturday, and certainly not returning there before the afternoon of Monday. If this were known at the headquarters of the recruiting service Lieut. Noel in all probability would be rapped severely over the knuckles, if nothing worse. Lane could not, and would not, for an instant blame his fiancee, but he gently pointed out to her that Mr. Noel ran great risks in making such a journey, and that it would be well on that account to discourage similar expeditions in the future. To this she made no direct reply, but that she observed his caution is quite possible.

At all events no further mention of visits on the part of Mr. Noel appeared in any of the letters which reached him before the orders for the scout actually did arrive; but that was not until near the very end of the month. It was just about the 28th of August when rumors came of turbulence and threatened outbreak among the Indians at the Chiricahua reservation. Troops were already marching thither from the stations in Arizona, and Capt. Lane was ordered to cross the range and scout on the east side of the reservation, in order to drive back any renegades who might be tempted to "make a break." Just one day before the start he was surprised at receiving a letter from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke gladly of Mabel's improved health and appearance; she spoke hopefully of Mr. Vincent, whose letters, she said, were more cheerful than they had been, and who had been able to come up and spend two Sundays with them. Mabel had doubtless told him of Mr. Noel's visit, and how glad they were just then to see any face so pleasant and familiar. And now she wished to remind him of their contract before his leaving for the frontier. He doubtless remembered that she had promised that in the near future she would give him the reasons why it seemed best to her that the engagement should not be announced. It would take a pretty long letter to tell all the reasons why, so she would not venture upon that at the moment; but the necessity no longer existed, and if he so desired she would gladly have it made known to his relatives, as she would now proceed to announce it to Mabel's.

Lane was greatly rejoiced at this. He had been a trifle uneasy and despondent of late, yet scarcely knew why. Her letters were not all he had hoped they would be by this time, but then he did not know but that it was all natural and right; he had never had love letters before—had never seen them—and his ideas of what a woman's letters to her betrothed should be were somewhat vague and undefined. However, there was no one in the garrison to whom he specially cared to formally announce his engagement. People had ceased of late making remarks or inquiries, as nothing had been successful in extracting information from him in the past. Giving directions that his mail should be forwarded once a week, or twice a week if possible, to the railway station nearest the Chiricahua mountains, where he could get it by sending couriers once in a while, provided there was no danger in doing so, Lane marched away one evening on what proved to be an absence of an entire month. He never again saw Fort Graham until the end of September, and then only long enough to enable him to change from his scouting rig into traveling costume, to throw a few clothes into a trunk and to drive to the railway station as fast as the ambulance could carry him in order to catch the first express train going east.

Nothing of very great importance had occurred on the scout. A few renegades managed to escape eastward from the reservation and to take to the mountains, through which Lane's command was then scouting; and to him and to his troop was intrusted the duty of capturing and bringing them back to the reservation. This took him many a long mile south of the railway. It was three weeks and more before he made his way to the reservation with his prisoners. There he found a small package of letters, which had been forwarded direct from Graham, where they evidently knew that he would go into the agency before reaching the railway, where his other letters were probably awaiting him. Among those which he received was one from Mr. Vincent. Briefly it said to him, "If a possible thing, come to us as soon as you can obtain leave of absence. There are matters which excite my greatest apprehension, and I feel that I must see you. My health, I regret to say, is failing me rapidly. Come, if you can."

Another was from Mrs. Vincent. She spoke with great anxiety of Mr. Vincent's waning health; said very little of Mabel, nothing whatever of Mr. Noel. She told him that the engagement had been formally announced to all their relatives, and that letters of congratulation had been showered on Mabel from all sides, although there was some little surprise expressed that she should marry an army officer. "She herself has not been well at all, and I really believe that a visit from you would do much to restore her health and spirits. She has been unlike herself ever since we came back from the mountains."

In this same package of letters were two from Mabel. These he read with infinite yearning in his heart, and they only served to increase the wordless anxiety and the intolerable sense of something lacking, which he had first felt after the letter that announced Gordon Noel's visit to Deer Park. One more letter there was. This he opened, saw that it was type written and had no signature, indignantly tore it into fragments and tossed them to the wind.

The commanding general of the department—an old and kind friend of Lane's—was then looking over affairs for himself, at the reservation. Lane obtained a few moments' conversation with him, briefly stated his needs, and showed him Mr. Vincent's letter. The instant the general saw the signature he looked up, startled, and then arose from his seat, put his hand on the captain's shoulder, and drew him to one side.

"My dear boy," he said, "there is later news than this. It is dated Sept. 14, you see. Have you heard nothing more?"

"Nothing, general. What has happened?" answered Lane, his voice trembling and his bronzed face rapidly paling. "Am I—am I too late?"

"I fear so, Lane. Had Mr. Vincent a partner named Clark?"

"Yes sir: his junior partner."

"Clark defaulted, embezzled, hypothecated securities and heaven knows what all, blew out his brains in his private office, and Mr. Vincent stumbled over the body an hour afterwards, was prostrated by the shock, and died of heart failure three days later. The papers were full of the tragedy for nearly a week; but there are none to be had here, I'm afraid. Now you will want to start at once. Never mind your troop. Just tell your lieutenant to report here to Capt. Bright for orders, and I'll have them sent back to Graham by easy marches."

Late at night Lane reached the railway, only to find his train five hours behind. He telegraphed to Mabel that he would come to her as fast as train could bring him—that the sad news had only just reached him. He strode for hours up and down the little platform under the glittering stars, yearning to reach her, to comfort and console her in this bitter sorrow.

Time and again he turned over in mind the few particulars which he had obtained from the department commander. They were all too brief, but pointed conclusively to one fact—that Clark had been encouraged by the success of June to plunge still more deeply, in the hope of retrieving the losses of the past two years. Luckily for Vincent, he had used his June winnings in lifting the mortgage from his homestead and in taking up any of his outstanding paper, and so had little wherewith to supply his confident partner; but Lane wondered if the kindly old man had any idea that up to the end of August, at least, Clark had not sent to him, as directed, "the draft for the entire amount" to which referred the first letter Mr. Vincent had ever written to him

It was daybreak when the train came. It was noon when he sprang from the cars at Graham station and into the ambulance sent to meet him in response to his telegraphic request. Were there any letters? he eagerly asked. None now. A small package had been forwarded to the reservation last night, and must have passed him on the way. Others had been waiting for him at the mountain station until he was reported by wire as arriving with his prisoners at the agency. Everything then had been sent thither, and there would be no getting them before starting. At Graham the telegraph operator showed him the duplicates of the telegrams that had come for him in his absence—only two. One announced Mr. Clark's suicide and Vincent's prostration and danger; the other, two days later, briefly read, "Mr. Vincent died this morning. Mrs. Vincent and Mabel fairly well."

Both were signed "Gordon Noel," and a jealous pang shot through the poor fellow's heart as he realized that in all their bereavement and grief it was Noel's privilege to be with them and to be of use to them, while he, her affianced husband, was far beyond hail. He was ashamed of his own thoughts an instant after, and bitterly upbraided himself that he was not thankful that they could have had so attentive and thoughtful an aid as Noel well knew how to be. Yet—why was not Reginald sufficient?

He had torn into fragments the anonymous sheet that had met him at the reservation, and yet its words were gnawing at his heartstrings now, and he could not crush them down:

"Why was your engagement denied? Because she still cared for Will Rossiter and hoped he might come back to her after all.

"Why did Gordon Noel stay at the other hotel the second and third times he spent Sunday at Deer Park? Because she wished to hide from her mother, as she did from you, that he came at all.

"Why does she meet him on the street instead of at home? Because her father interposed in your behalf; but all the same you are being betrayed."

These words, or others exactly of their import, were what met his startled eyes at Chiricahua, but the instant he noted that these carefully type written sentences were followed by no signature at all—not even the oft abused "A Friend"—indignation and wrath followed close on the heels of his amaze, and in utter contempt he had destroyed the cowardly sheet; but he could not so easily conquer the poison thus injected in his veins. All the long, long journey to the east they haunted him, dancing before his eyes, sleeping or waking, and it was with haggard face and wearied frame that he reached the Queen City, and, taking a cab, drove at once to her home.

It was a lovely evening in early October. The sun had been shining brilliantly all day long, and almost everywhere doors and windows were open to woo the cool air now gently stirring. The cab stopped before the well remembered steps, and Lane hastened to the broad doorway. No need to ring: the portals stood invitingly open. The gas burned brightly in the hall and in the sitting room to the left. He entered unhesitatingly, and stood all alone in the room where he had spent so many happy hours listening to the music of her voice, watching the play and animation in her lovely face. He caught a glimpse of his own, gaunt, haggard, hollow eyed, in the mirror over the old fashioned mantel. What was he that he should have won a creature so radiant, so exquisite?

There was the heavy portiere that shut off the little passage to the library. His footfall made no sound in the deep, rich carpeting. It was there she welcomed him that wonderful Friday afternoon—that day that was the turning point, the climax, of his life. Hark! was that her voice, low, sweet, tremulous in there now? Hush! Was that a sob?—a woman's suppressed weeping? Quickly he stepped forward, and in an instant had thrust aside the second portiere: but he halted short at the threshold, petrified by the scene before him.

Mabel Vincent, clasped in Gordon Noel's embrace, her arms about his neck, gazing up into his face with almost worship in her weeping eyes, raised her lips to meet the passionate kiss of his. "My darling," he murmured, "what can you fear? Have you not given me the right to protect you?" And the handsome head was tossed proudly back, and for one little minute was indeed heroic. Then, with instantaneous change, every drop of blood fled from his face, leaving it ashen, death like.

"Gordon!" she cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

Then, following the glance of his staring eyes, she turned and saw and swooned away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Taking a Telephone to Bed.

A doctor's profession requires him, if he seeks convenience and comfort, to have two telephones—one in his office and one in his bedroom. As any one who has to pay tribute to the telephone companies knows, their charges hardly represent the progress that has been made in other lines in the world in cheapening commodities. But necessity is the mother of invention, and a doctor in the east end found a way to have the convenience of two telephones and yet only pay for one. He has his telephone hung upon hooks in his office, the connections being made by the telephone coming in contact with an electric board which he has had constructed. He also has wires run to his bedroom, where another electric board has been placed. The doctor may be said to take his telephone to bed with him every night. He takes it from the hooks in his office, carries it under his arm up to his bedroom and places it upon the hooks there. Should any calls come during the night, he can answer them without leaving his room, thereby getting the use of two telephones for the price of one.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Democrats and Populists of Iowa have effected a combination against Congressman Dolliver, the Republican.

Abe Buzzard, the notorious Pennsylvania outlaw, was sentenced to eleven years' imprisonment for burglary.

Attempting to rescue children who were playing on the tracks at Indianapolis, Henry Bowman, a veteran flagman 75 years of ago, was run over and killed.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Cleveland's Minstrels.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Athenia."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Off the Earth."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Milk White Flag."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"A Flag of Truce".

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Billy Barry.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"A Baggage Check."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

HOW THE SMALL STATES WON THEIR FREEDOM.

No amount of so-called constitutional or parliamentary agitation can obtain for any enslaved land its full and legitimate rights. A poet's pen can awake the passions of a people, and his harp's wild songs awake their aspirations for liberty. But it is the flashing sword, it is the rifle, it is the artillery, it is the strength of a trained army, and the strategetic talents of its commanders that can win freedom for any land. The history of the world is in a nutshell the story of might against right. The Moors held Spain and Portugal captives for almost a thousand years; but Spain and Portugal rising in armed rebellion against their tyrants, chased them from their lands. At an earlier period the Roman Empire's battalions conquered all Western Europe—save Ireland—Anglia, Gaul (France), Helvetia (Switzerland), Hispania (Spain), and the remainder of the Iberian Peninsula, now known as Portugal. After the legions of Cæsar left the shores of Anglia, the Norman invaded, and took possession of that country, yet the Knights of Normandy were absorbed in the Anglo-Saxon population so much, that England today is an Anglo-Saxon nation, and has been ruled for over two centuries by monarchs of German blood.

In the opening decades of our century Greece was a province of Turkey; Belgium belonged to the Dutch; Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and Roumania were crushed under the heels of the Mussulman despot, and the northern portion of Italy was ruled by an Austrian emperor. All these countries are now the mistresses of their own destinies.

The Greek revolution was inaugurated at Athens, in the early spring of 1821. The valiant sons of that romantic land drove the Turkish soldiers at the point of the bayonet out of the capital, and replaced the Crescent on the cupolas of the Mahommedan mosques by the Cross. The patriot army were, however, small in numbers compared to those of the enemy; but France, ever the good, brave and generous friend of oppressed nationalities, came to the rescue of the Greeks in this crisis. The French government sent a *corps d'armee* of 50,000 trained soldiers in the fall of 1821 to Greece with a thousand cannon, 50,000 rifles, and 1,000,000 bullets. The allied forces of Frenchmen and Greeks, numbering 70,000 strong, expelled the Turk from Greece. The declaration of Grecian independence was proclaimed in April 1821. It may interest our Irish readers to know that Miles Byrne, a Wexford man, who had previously fought in the Irish Rebellion of '98 in the battles of Oulart and Vinegar Hill, was a captain in the Twelfth French regiment of the line. Byrne immortalized himself by his bravery in combatting the Turks, and was promoted to the colonelcy of the Twelfth on the death of its former colonel on the battlefield.

The next oppressed nationality that rose in rebellion against alien rule was Belgium, in 1830. The first tocsin of the revolution was the ringing of bells from the belfry of the Cathedral St. Gudule, Brussels. At the opening of the campaign, France supported the independence of Belgium, by sending 40,000 men to her aid. The Hollanders were defeated by the Belgo-French forces in every battle, and had eventually to abandon the struggle. In January, 1822, the declaration of Belgian independence was proclaimed by Chief Volters of the national committee.

This was France's second triumph in her ambition to liberate downtrodden nations from the bonds of slavery. We know, and our readers know, how much she contributed to Washington's success in the Continental war, and of the Hoche and Humbert expeditions, organized by Carnot, thanks to the efforts of Wolfe Tone, for the delivery of Ireland from Anglo-Saxon oppression.

In 1859 France aided with an army of 50,000 trained troops the Italian soldiers, 20,000 strong, in their efforts to unite the province of Venice to the Savoy dynasty. The Italians of that province would never have succeeded were it not for the battalions of France, who, as usual, bled and died with the proud spirit of martyrs, for an enslaved nationality. French soldiers were then the pioneers of liberty all over Europe.

In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria, and eventually reduced the armies of the latter nation to half their number in a slaughter lasting six weeks. Prussia sliced off three originally German provinces from the territory of the emperor, Francis Joseph. In this disastrous crisis for Austria the Lombardians rebelled against the rule of Francis. They were helped by 100,000 French officers and soldiers, commanded by Generalissimo MacMahon. Were it not for a strategetic and cleverly arranged move of this descendant of Irish warriors, in hemming in the Austrian army so tightly, that they had to surrender, the battle of Magenta would have been a second Waterloo. But it was a glorious victory—thanks to the military genius of the brave and gallant Franco-Irish general. On the field of triumph the Emperor of France, Napoleon III bestowed on MacMahon a baton of Marshal, and the title of the Duke of Magenta.

Thanks to French influence in the close of the 'Seventies, Greece received back three other originally Greek provinces. Thanks to the Czar, Bulgaria, Roumania, Montenegro and Servia, were made free of Turkish yokes.

The moral of these historical facts is none other than this, as the London *Times* so well and graphically expressed it, referring to the abortive rebellion in Ireland 1848, "Men who really desire liberty from an oppressive power, must fight for it, and win it, by knives and hatchets!"

IRELAND'S MISGOVERNMENT UNDER A HOME RULE CABINET.

When after the last general election of members to the English house of commons, Gladstone returned to power, and Mr. Morley was sent to Dublin as chief secretary, the Irish people believed that all the West British, who were the decidedly bitter opponents of Irish legislative independence—inspectors, clerks, and others of the same ilk, who infest Dublin Castle, would be summarily dismissed by the new chief secretary.

These mercenaries were the real rulers of Ireland. No chief secretary, since the infamous Union act was passed, dared to disobey the instructions of his officials. Most of the secretaries were Englishmen, who knew as much about Ireland as a a swine-herd does about astronomy. They were quite ignorant of the methods which should be employed in the management of the Irish administration. The employes of the Castle, who were the foes of Irish liberty, were eternally whispering into their ears stories of the murders committed by the Whiteboys in the early portion of this century. Ten or twelve years ago, the chief secretary was bulldozed by these minions with stories of outrages on cattle by the Moonlighters, and so the farce went on, 'till John Morley's advent to that responsible post.

Mr. Morley is assuredly an honest man. His sympathies with the Irish in their desire to see the re-establishment of a College Green parliament, were sincere. But Mr. Morley has one defect in his character as a statesman—the lack of will power. Instead of clearing out the filthy Augean stables of Dublin Castle, he made himself the catspaw of the slimy staff of that establishment. He was invariably guided in his administration of Irish affairs by these officials.

The same brutal evictions, the same pandering to the will of the landlords were carried on by Home Ruler Morley, as they were under the regime of Coercionist Balfour. Over the public offices the West Britons hold sway. The inspector-general of the Irish police is an Anglo-Saxon Tory. His three associates are of the same political creed. At the depot of the Castle the commandant, adjutant, riding master, medical officer, and apothecary are officials of an anti-Irish type, as are the four divisional commissioners, and seven of the eight officers attending them. There are thirty-six inspectors of police for the various counties of Ireland. Of these thirty-two are West Britons. Of the 224 inspectors 200 at least are anti-Irish. The Morley regime is, like all the regimes which preceded it, a purely and exclusively English one.

Even in the number of appointments of Nationalists, so-called, to positions on the magisterial bench, the lord chancellor, who is a Home Ruler, was very niggardly. Where the Irish people expected a thousand new appointments of their own political creed to the bench, a few score of these gentlemen only were nominated—with the result that the Irish magistrates are as one in a hundred to the West British.

All these facts are petty, and insignificant in themselves, but still they prove the fact that Ireland is positively misgoverned by the representatives of a Home Rule cabinet who are quartered in Dublin Castle.

THE IRISH RACE IN AUSTRALIA.

The Irish exiles under the Southern Cross are no longer to any appreciable extent hewers of wood, or drawers of water. They have risen from humble positions to those of higher. A large number of the educated among them are lawyers, doctors, architects, and engineers. Thousands of others are merchants in the big cities of that continent.

A newspaper correspondent of Sydney had recently an interview with Cardinal Moran, who gave it as his opinion that the Irish race will in a few decades govern, and own Australia; for the Irish of blood, and birth, living on that continent, form one-half of the population. The Irish people are the only race that is Catholic in that distant clime. "They are nearly all Irish, or of Irish descent," said the Cardinal. "Looking to the public position of our people," he added, "they hold their own in all public offices, in the professions and in the private and commercial enterprises of the country."

"The Irish Australian natives," continued Cardinal Moran, "are as enthusiastic in the cause of the the old land as the Irish-born, and are all very proud of their Irish blood. The great majority of our Protestant citizens have as keen a sympathy with those working for the autonomy of Ireland, as we have."

EVICTIONS IN IRELAND.

The eviction campaign by the minions of the home rule (?) government of Lord Rosebery is most severe on the peasants of Munster and Connacht, many of whom are being flung out with their wives and families, on the roadside. A cruel and pathetic eviction took place a few weeks ago, near Louisburg, Mayo county, the sad circumstances surrounding it are as follows:

"Mrs. Kitterick was evicted by Lord Sligo about six weeks ago under peculiarly distressing circumstances. It appears that in March, 1893, Mrs. Kitterick's husband died after an illness of eighteen months, and two months afterward her son, aged 19, died after being twelve months ill. Mrs. Kitterick and four children, the eldest of whom is but 11, were thus deprived of their only breadwinners, and were reduced to the direst poverty. They fell into arrears, and when two and a half years (including the hanging gale) became due, ejectment proceedings were instituted, and a decree for possession taken out, the arrears and costs amounting to £15. A relative of Mrs. Kitterick's, in order to save her from eviction, lent her £10, and with this she proceeded to the rent office in the hope that they would forgive her the remaining £5 or allow her time for its payment, but the offer was contemptuously refused, and Lord Sligo proceeded with the eviction, depriving Mrs. Kitterick and her family of their little crop. The bailiffs had scarcely completed their work when the land was taken from Lord Sligo by a neighbor and relative of Mrs. Kitterick, who now prosecuted her re-taking possession of her home."

An indignation meeting has been held in Louisburg, where Mr. Wm. O'Brien spoke, "The time has come," he said, "for organizing a great public protest against the sort of treatment that was meted out to Widow Kitterick by the landlord and the land grabber. If the people were properly organized as they were in the Land League days, Lord Sligo and his agent would think a great many times before they would perpetrate such an outrage."

Yet Mr. O'Brien supports the government of Rosebery, whose police are the employes of the landlords. If Parnell were alive today he would insist on the Liberal party suspending these cruel evictions till a bill was passed reinstating the evicted. It is discouraging to find a party of representative Irish members silent on the unjust action of the Rosebery government. Nor will Mr. O'Brien's appeal at the end of his address do any good to the poor widow:

"It is, farsooth, as shameful a crime as robbing a poor box; and yet it is the poor widow who has to go to jail, and it is the landgrabber who represents the majesty of the law. I am told he has got up a case for police protection, that he has a police guard all to himself, although I believe the undoubted fact is that the only violence of any sort or kind in the whole transaction was that he threatened to pull the roof down over the heads of herself and her children. Well, reprehensible as is this man's conduct, I have no hesitation in saying that the action of Lord Sligo and his agent is more hateful and cowardly still, because they have not the manliness to bring this prosecution in their own names.

"Within the next couple of months we will give the people an opportunity of showing that the valiant spirit of old is living still in Mayo."

THE identity of the authors of the circular, asking for funds for the McCarthyite party has been revealed by T. D. Sullivan, who writes as follows in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*: "I would suggest that the officers of the London Metropolitan Branch of the Irish League be requested to furnish to the committee of the Irish party a list of all the English gentlemen to whom copies of the circular of Aug. 22 were dispatched with an account of the responses received thereto."

PERFIDE Albion's national pride is being trodden under the feet of France and Germany. The sending by the French government of a plenipotentiary to Madagascar has irritated the nerves of John Bull, but the French newspapers assert that it is useless for him to protest. "England," they add, "must be compelled to recognize our protectorate over Madagascar, established in 1886." France is sustained in her colonial policy by Germany. Germany and France never quarrel over the spoils of conquest in Africa. All these great powers are like so many brigands robbing the property of inoffensive people. It is not in the cause of civilization that their emissaries are toiling, but for the wealth of fertile lands, where there might be a new field for British, French, and German commerce.

THE French military manœuvres have been a complete success. The army has been making rapid progress of late.

THE Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of the late Count of Paris, is the actual pretender to the imaginary throne of France. "Exile," he said, "killed my father. I will endure anything rather than inaction. I will risk my head to return to France, and if I am fortunate enough to reign I will risk my head rather than be driven out!" This is the shrieking of an idiot. Of course the French government will not notice such a raving lunatic.

THE death occurred recently of Tom Kavanagh, a small farmer residing in the village of Cluan, county Kilkenny, whose life extended over the long period of 120 years. He was fond of telling anecdotes recording his experiences in the rebellion of '98, when many outrages were perpetrated on the rebels' families by the infamous Yoes, and the North Cork militia. He witnessed the scenes that were enacted after the battle of Ross, in which figured the burnings of farmsteads, and the pitch-cappings. Up to the last he wore the costume of the Irish peasant of a former generation, the knee-breeches, buckled shoes, and a swallow-tailed frieze coat.

THE French journals give prominence to the demise of M. Michel Gambetta, an uncle of the late tribune and statesman, Leon Gambetta. The deceased was 90 years old. His death was caused by the shock he received on hearing the announcement of the murder of President Carnot. With him the Gambetta family in Nice becomes extinct.

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY was married in Edinburgh, Scotland, lately, to Miss Cissie Loftus, the music hall artiste. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the leader of one wing of the Irish party. He is a dramatist by profession. The bride is twenty years his junior. Mrs. McCarthy is to become one of the stars of the Augustin Daly Company in its forthcoming tour through the states.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Louisville newspaper recalls the fact that away back in the thirties Bishop England, a native of Cork city, brought from Ireland on the occasion of his elevation to the episcopal see of Charleston a colored Irish-born priest whom he had educated, and ordained. Soon after his arrival, the Bishop found that he had insuperable difficulties to contend with. The colored Catholics of his diocese, whose spiritual wants were attended to by the colored priest, informed Bishop England that if they were not good enough to have a white priest, they certainly would not have a negro. Bishop England had to send the clergyman to France, where he joined a religious community.

IT is computed by statistics that several thousand Irish-born, and Irish-Americans visited the old country this summer. They spent their dollars among their own, instead of squandering them over the continent of Europe.

THE McCarthyite party is at present wrangling over the question of the acceptance, or the non-acceptance, of contributions to their fund from English friends. Mr. McCarthy consents to accept them. Healy does not. John Dillon writes that he expresses no opinion on the subject. There is another quarrel between Messrs. Healy and Dillon. Healy having stated that the Parnellites received money from the funds of the Liberal party, Mr. Dillon emphatically contradicted his colleague's statement, and added that he, Mr. Healy, knew that his assertion was false. These bickerings in public need no comment.

DON CARLOS is once more before the public—this time as an applicant to the French republic for permission to spend a few days in Paris, where his newly-wedded wife, nee Princess de Rohan, wishes to do a little shopping. The pretender only asks for a week, and pledges himself to do nothing calculated in any way to offend either the French government or to create difficulties between it and the Spanish authorities. Don Carlos was expelled by the French police seven years ago and was forbidden to return in consequence of his having made use of the hospitality accorded to him by the French government to create trouble with Spain. His exile from France differs, therefore, from that decreed against the Duke of Orleans, and his father and against Prince Victor Napoleon, for whereas these three were banished as pretenders to the French throne, Don Carlos was expelled at the instigation of the Spanish government.

POPE LEO XIII has brought the Italian government to their knees. Of late years the cabinet of Umberto refused to sanction the appointment of the bishops for the vacant sees, who were the nominees of the pontiff. A week or two ago Crispi, the premier, sent licenses to eight of the thirty-two bishops whose elections had been vetoed by the Italian government. The remaining prelates will receive their licenses in a few weeks. This triumph reflects credit on the diplomacy, and statesmanlike genius of the Pope.

DUBLIN REFUSES

To Raise Memorials to Englishmen While Emmet's Epitaph Remains Unwritten.

A correspondence has passed between Mr. Donatus O'Brien, formerly of Limerick, and the lord mayor of Dublin, relating to the commemoration of Mr. Gladstone's services to England by English Liberals. Mr. Donatus O'Brien is most anxious that Dublin, in the name of Ireland, should join in this commemoration by erecting a statue to the eminent English statesman in the Irish capital; and he sent a draft for twenty-five dollars, accompanied by a letter to the lord mayor, to start the project. The lord mayor of Dublin answered Mr. O'Brien's letter with characteristic courtesy, and respectfully returned the twenty-five dollars. In taking this action and in the sentiments of his letter the lord mayor unmistakably and truthfully voiced the opinion of the capital of Ireland; and of our countrymen who are not hopelessly sunk in the degrading slough of West Britonism. Erect a statue to Gladstone or any Englishman, indeed, in Dublin, or in any part of Ireland, while poor Tone lies beneath a plain slab away in Bodenstown, and Mitchel sleeps in an almost forgotten grave in Newry; while the gallant Sheares brothers and many others are unhonored by sculptured memorials, and the resting place of young Emmet is unknown, and his epitaph yet unwritten! No; Ireland cannot pay such honors to Englishmen, however eminent, or however illustrious their services to England. Ireland has no concern in such matters, and could not, without forfeiting her national honor, take part in Liberal commemorations that have nothing in the wide world to do with her or her interests, national or otherwise.

England can well afford to honor her illustrious sons. She has every right to do so. She has undoubted right and reason to honor Gladstone. England's interests have ever been his first consideration, and he has not hesitated in the past to mulct Ireland for the enrichment of his native land. Ireland cannot afford to erect monuments to the sons who have shed most lustre on her name—to those who have fought and died for her cause, and kept the old spirit alive in "dark and evil days." How then any Irishman could expect that Ireland, in face of this sad and humiliating fact, should join in glorifying in sculptured marble any Englishman it is hard to understand, and can only be put down to the demoralization that resulted to many Irishmen from the miserable "Union of Hearts'" doctrine. Mr. Donatus O'Brien and all who think with him are wrong, very sadly wrong, indeed, and if Mr. O'Brien will only think for a moment what Thomas Davis or John Mitchel would have said to such a proposal he must admit that we are right, and that the action of the lord mayor was typical and illustrative of the highest patriotic motives. Need we add that we fully indorse the claim of Dublin's chief magistrate on behalf of Parnell. Before any other statesman of our time or days can receive the honor of a monument in Ireland, he, our chief, so cruelly wronged and treated by the people whom he had fought for so long, so earnestly and so well, deserves to be first considered, and has indisputably the first claim on the gratitude of the Irish race. Many of our readers will remember that on the first introduction of the home rule bill in 1886 a letter from the pen of Mr. T. D. Sullivan appeared in one of his papers calling on the people of Ireland to erect a statue to Mr. Gladstone. We know that at that time Mr. Sullivan's proposal was altogether disapproved by the archbishop of Dublin and by Mr. Parnell, as well as by all genuine Nationalists. Mr. Sullivan first sent this letter, we speak of, to the *Freeman's Journal*, but that journal at that time refused to admit a letter of such a character into its columns.—*Irish Independent.*

COLOR AT THE FAR NORTH.

Frederick Wilbert Stokes, who was a member of the first Peary Relief Expedition, gives a new idea of the charms of Arctic landscapes in a paper on "Color at the Far North," which he has written for the September number of *The Century*. Despite the desolation, he found, from an artistic standpoint, a land of beauty, with seas and skies of surpassing loveliness. The intensity and brilliance of color impress the beholder as something supernatural. Our sojourn was from the middle of July, through August, and a few days of September—a period when the polar latitudes are teeming with animal, insect and plant life. Of this brief period only am I qualified to speak; but from the accounts given by those who have passed through the long, dreaded night season, the phenomena occurring in the heavens are most beautiful. The chief peculiarity of color at the North, so far as my short experience tells me, is that there are no semitones, the general effect being either very black or just the opposite, intensely brilliant and rich in color. In fact, a summer's midnight at the North has all the brilliance of our brightest noon, with the added intensity and richness of our most vivid sunsets, while noon, when the sun is obscured by threatening masses of storm-clouds, is black. Indeed, it is the true land of "impressionism."

I remember one brilliant morning when the measureless ether overhead, a hue of exquisite blue, repeated itself in the perfect mirror of the sea. Far away, on the otherwise clear-cut horizon, a line of pure white ice shimmered its light up through the pinkish, yellow stratum of mist, which bathed in delicate greenish blue an enormous iceberg that strongly resembled an ancient cathedral. In the afternoon the sky, a threatening black, overhung a vast, contorted sheet of white and pink, composed of ice-floe and colossal bergs looming up above its mass at intervals, with deep, black patches of water, the whole carrying the eye to the horizon—a tapering band of deep, rich blue merging into the sky. In the immediate foreground of the ice-floe, near the water's edge, were shallow pools of delicate blues, purples and greens.

Of the wealth of color in flower, lichen and moss; of its curious riches as manifested in insect, shell and animal life, and of its wonderful limning skill as shown on the great inland ice, ice-cap and glacier, I have neither purpose nor pen to write. This new world of color awaits the one who can truly describe it. In all these color effects at the North there lies a wizard-like power of enchantment—a distinctive uncanniness that, basilisk-like, both attracts and repels. Great nature's pitilessness broods over it with a force and penetration possibly not equaled, and surely not surpassed, in any other quarter of our globe. It is a land of beautiful and awesome dreams.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. John Dumphy, of Duluth, Minn., has gone to Ireland to visit relatives. Mr. Dumphy, who is one of Duluth's prominent business men, intends to go to his native land in a few months, and after visiting the scenes of his boyhood and other places of interest, will accompany his wife home. THE CITIZEN wishes them a pleasant trip.

There lives at No. 90 Plum street, in this city, a remarkable old Irish lady in the person of Mrs. Johanna Clifford, mother of Thomas Clifford and Mrs. Sullivan. Mrs. Clifford was born in the parish of Glenbeigh, county Kerry, Ireland, a few years before that memorable year of 'Ninety-eight, and is now 100 years of age. She has been blessed with excellent health during her entire life, never having occasion to resort to the use of drugs, and still has the full use of all her faculties. Even now in her advanced years she can knit and sew without the aid of glasses. Previous to the World's Fair Mrs. Clifford's greatest anxiety was to live to see it; her wishes were realized and she visited the Fair several times; she now feels very happy and contented at having seen the greatest of expositions, and never tires of talking about the wonderful and rare sights she witnessed there.

Maj. W. C. McClure, who for the past three months has been traveling through Europe, arrived home Thursday, and is receiving the warm congratulations of his numerous friends. The Major looks in elegant health and has increased in weight over fifteen pounds. He says he will have something to say about Ireland on a future occasion.

Interesting Irish Statistics.

The *Labor Gazette* gives some interesting statistics as to the volume of migration of Irish laborers from Connacht during the present year as compared with 1893 and 1892:—In 1892, 28,270; 1893, 24,239; 1894, 22,970. These figures represent the number of laborers migrating from Mayo, Galway, Roscommon, Sligo, and Leitrim, with a few from adjoining counties. About 37 per cent of the male population of 20 years of age and upwards in Mayo came over sea this year, the actual number being 19,290, which is no less than 33.9 per cent of all those who left Connacht. The volume of migration this year is 5.4 per cent less than in 1893, and 18.7 less than in 1892, a decrease due partly to improved conditions in Ireland and partly to depression in England. These facts ought to show to Englishmen the inevitable result of the rejection of an ameliorative measure like the Tenants Arbitration Bill. Distress in Ireland means migration every June and July to England to earn the rent. The Irish emigrants work for less than English hands, and therefore their presence depresses the wage standard of the English agricultural laborer. This circumstance leads to English outrages, such as the recent occurrence at Barnet, and the inhuman attempt to burn Irish harvesters alive in Lancashire. It is interesting to know the number of Irishmen who come across the Channel, but it would be more interesting to know how many get back.

Tired All the Time.

"Last Spring I was weak and tired all the time. My body was broken out all over with a humor. I took six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now I am able to work as well as any one."—Guy C. Barnard, 471 South Robey street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

Black as Ink

Are the prejudices which some people cherish against what is good for them. They reason, as our old friend Artemus Ward says, thusly, "So and so has been taking medicine for a long time and isn't any better." They only know of individual cases. Many could be cited, to their astonishment, in which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has brought about a complete change in the physical condition of persons suffering from general ill-health. This thorough stomachic, besides having the decided recommendation of the medical profession, is voiced by the general public as the possessor of qualities as an invigorant and restorative of health not found anywhere else. In bodily troubles caused by the liver, stomach and bowels, in instances where rheumatic tendencies are experienced, and when the kidneys are weak, it is the true resort.

DEATH OF DANIEL SCULLY.

He Was One of the Oldest and Most Popular Justices in the City.

The Funeral Was One of the Largest Ever Held In Chicago.

Justice Daniel Scully, one of the oldest justices of the peace in point of service and one of the most popular in the city, says the *Post* of the 14th inst., died today at his home, No. 350 Warren avenue, of pneumonia after a very short illness.

Justice Scully contracted a cold to which he paid no particular attention until last Tuesday. On that day he went to his office on West Madison street as usual, but at 11 o'clock he was so ill that he had to return to his home. The cold developed into pneumonia and Mr. Scully was not sufficiently robust to rally from the malady. He had long been a sufferer from Bright's disease, and this had made inroads on an otherwise strong constitution.

Though the justice had for many years been a sufferer from Bright's disease he was persistent in fighting that weakness and few people thought him other than he was—a healthy man. He would probably not have died but for his own negligence. He went home Saturday afternoon and, feeling wearied from his work, sat in a chair between two windows and fell asleep. Of course he caught cold, but he went to his court on Monday and Tuesday. On the latter day Ben Short, his nephew, was trying a case before him, when the judge had a chill. He suggested that the case be continued, and at the same time he continued all the cases before him. He then went to his home.

On Wednesday morning Dr. Baxter, who was attending him, advised him to go to bed. This he did after some protestation. He never arose from it. Yesterday he grew rapidly worse and Dr. Baxter called in Dr. Lyman in consultation. They soon saw that the patient was in a bad way with pneumonia and advised the family to expect the worst.

At the private court of Justice Scully his clerk received a message at 11 o'clock today that the judge was doing better and that the report of his approaching death was untimely. Presently, however, a telephone message was received saying that he had passed away, and all the people in the building were pained by the news.

Justice Scully had held the position of justice of the peace through all administrations since before the great fire of 1871. He was widely known and respected, and his business was always very large. He was popular with all classes of people and commanded the confidence of all.

Daniel Scully was born in New York city about fifty-five years ago. When he was 2 years old he came West with his parents, who settled on a farm in McHenry county. On the farm young Scully grew up to youth and then he came to Chicago. He first attended St. Mary's college on the North Side and graduated in the same class with Washington Hesing, now postmaster. He then entered the Union Law college, and at the same time was a student in the office of Judge Booth.

Upon graduation from the law school Mr. Scully opened an office on the North Side in partnership with John S. Quinn. He soon acquired a lucrative practice, and on May 1, 1871, six months before the great fire, Mr. Scully was appointed a justice of the peace. This position he has held uninterruptedly ever since, through all the varying political changes in state and city politics. For ten years he had charge of the police courts. His popularity caused his office to be always filled with business. He was well off and is supposed to have left considerable property.

The funeral, which was notable and imposing, took place on Monday last. Friends, relatives, professional, and political associates of the deceased, assembled at the residence, on Warren avenue, at 9 o'clock to pay final respects to the dead. Men who had known Justice Scully during his career in this city; lawyers who had always respected his fearless administration of justice; acquaintances who had admired him for personal characteristics responsible for his popularity the city over, were present to witness the services.

The funeral was one of the largest the West Side has witnessed this year and the general testimonial of love and reverence was paid by a vast concourse of people, so large that neither the residence nor the church could furnish sufficient accommodation. Aligned on either side of Warren avenue in the vicinage of the residence was a great crowd, anxious to see the remains. The way to the church also was surrounded by a great gathering and the entire ceremony indicated the esteem in which the deceased was held.

The scene at the house was a solemn and impressive one. The body reposed in a coffin which was banked amid a bed of flowers, the tribute of many friends. A continuous, moving line of people passed about the bier, each one taking a last gaze at the features so well known.

The funeral was in charge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which Justice Scully was a prominent member. The active pallbearers were: R. C. Gagnon, P. Conlan, James H. Burke, Frank Young, John Adams, T. E. Murphy, David Hayes and Joseph Heany. The honorary, who are members of the Lawyers' Club, were: E. Murphy, J. S. Reedy, J. J. Coller, Wm. O'Neill, Jos. Kenny, Jr., C. S. O'Mara and M. J. O'Connor.

Flowers filled the parlor and formed a background for the candelabra and somber accessories. The clerks in Justice Scully's court sent a docket with the number of the last case tried by the judge—No. 11,710—raised in white roses. The St. Vincent de Paul Society gave a magnificent piece in the shape of a star and crescent. The Lawyers' Club, as well as the West Side justices, sent a handsome design, representing a scale of justice. Energy Lodge, of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, sent a mounted anchor and shield of red and white roses, and the officers at the Desplaines street station sent scales of justice suspended from a pillar of roses over an open docket, mounted on a bed of red roses. Other floral tributes were from Mrs. J. H. Slavin, E. T. Glennon, Warren avenue police station; Daniel B. Scully, J. J. Kilcrane, W. R. Griswold, Z. P. Brousseau, Jarvis Blume, H. N. Cooper, C. H. Donnelly, Mrs. W. P. Rend, Ben Short, J. E. Baggott, John Biniak, Mrs. S. T. Griswold, J. Quinlan, C. E. Shorb, I. Woolf.

The complete list of those present would include nearly one-half of the prominent citizens on the West Side. Some of those at the residence were: Chief Brennan, Judge Gibbons, Capt. Johnson, Frank Lawler, ex-Capt. Hathaway, E. T. Noonan, Lieut. Wheeler, J. E. Dalton, B. Quirk, John Healy, H. I. Tracy, Ben Donnelly, Jeremiah Quinlan, G. W. Rogers, M. McCarthy, Judge Scales, Judge Hutchings, Mortimer Scanlan. Brother Adjutor, Frank L. Crane, John Harkness, M. P. Brady, ex-Ald. Harris, J. J. Murphy, E. W. Plamondon, Lieut. Stanton, M. S. Armstrong, Joseph Howard, E. F. Runyan, F. D. Hurley, Dr. O. T. Shenick, Timothy Ryan, George E. White, Capt. Koch, W. H. Condon, W. Hoffram, Samuel Crowley, Michael Sullivan, I. J. Franklin, John Wheeler, John A. Sweeney, Miles Devine, F. W. Young, A. D. Kennedy, Patrick Nolan, W. J. Hynes, F. W. Jaros.

The funeral procession from the residence to the church was headed by the Seventh Regiment Band, which was followed by a platoon of police from the twenty-seventh precinct. Then came two patrol wagons from the Warren avenue and Lake street police stations, which were loaded with flowers. A long cortege followed, and St. Malachi's church, Walnut street and Western avenue, could not hold a third of those who endeavored to crowd into the structure.

Father Hodnett, assisted by Father Wolf, officiated at the solemn requiem mass. The remains were interred at Calvary.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Lawyer's Club, held Saturday afternoon, Sept. 15, at which from seventy-five to one hundred members were present, to take appropriate action on the death of Justice Daniel Scully, a member of the club, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The Lawyers Club has learned with feelings of the deepest regret that one of its purest and best members, Justice Daniel Scully, has been called away bo death, in the full zenith af his powers amid hosts of friends, and while possessing the entire confidence and respect of every member of this community. As a lawyer he was well read, and in its practice he faithfully guarded and protected his clients' rights. As a justice of the peace he was a model of perfection; he knew that the the justice court is one of last resort to the very poor, and that he who presides therein should endeavor to end disputes and so construe law that it may further the ends of justice. Few lawyers who knew him thoroughly ever had cause to complain of the equitable view he took of matters brought before him, and all concede that he could not by any means be swerved from the path of duty. He was a scholar, a constant reader of good books and choice literature, and was in his glory when engaged in charitable and benevolent works. He was a man of strong religious convictions, and his life was adorned with many virtues and graces. As a public official for a score of years, his record was so stainless that both political parties honored and respected him. Therefore be it

Resolved, That in recognition of our deceased member's many noble qualities, and as a mark of our appreciation of his merits a delegation from the club be appointed to attend the funeral; and that we extend to his grief-stricken widow and children our heartfelt condolence in their great affliction; and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to his widow, and spread upon the records of the club.

The president of the club, William H. Condon, selected as delegates to attend the funeral the following named gentlemen: Eben T. Runyan, ex-Attorney General James McCartney, Hon. W. J. Hynes, Hon. Joseph A. O'Donnell, Hugh T. Treacy, Timothy D. Hurley, John Mayo Palmer, Ferdinand W. Jaros, C. S. O'Meara, George Mills Rogers, Hon. Edward T. Noonan.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirinn.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Coic urgarta rig choicid n-Oilneagmacht andso .i.

Cor im Chruachain (ar sidhchain) dia Samna; teacht a m-brut bric for each gias bric i fraech Luchaid i n-Dal Chais; teacht i m-banndail a Seaghais; suidhi Foghamuir i feartaib mna Maine; comluth ria marcach eich leith leathguill in n-Ath Gallta itir da chleith.

A choic buadha .i.

Allad giall (a tossach) a h-Oirbsean; sealg Sleibhi Logha; lathairt chorma tee i Muigh Muirisce; ediud diarbri Breici dia brut iar ruathar na Tri Ros; dal coiccrichais fri tuathaib Teamrach ic Ath Luain; matan Ceat shambain i Maenmaigh acht na ra deicci for Darmag.

Coic urgarta righ Ulad .i.

Eachrais Ratha Line itir ogaib Dal n-Araidhe; etseacht re luamain engiall Lindi Sailleach iar fuinead n-greni; cosduth feisi for feoil tairb Dairi mic Dairi; teacht a mis Marta i Muigh Chobha; uisce Bo Neimidh do ol itir do doirchi.

A choic buadha .i.

Cluichi Cualgne fri crodh m-barc; maisi (a shluaigh) for Maigh Muirtheimhne; tindsceadal a shluaigid do greas a h-Eamain Maichi; farrach giall co Dun Sobairci; h-uathas Eamna Maichi .i. fes fuirri co n-idnu na teora ceat aidhchi ria n-dul tar coicrich. Luagh a shuighi in n-Uisneach cach seachtmod bliadhan agus ar turcbail a inaid; agus is cuma diegar de cach coiceadh i n-Erind. Ro diligeadsom din do righ Teamrach fes Teamrach do dheanamh iarsin, no bid reacht rig Teamrach for Erind uile agus is and no cheandaigdis righ na coiceadh a suidhi a n-Uisneach; ba si in chain agus in ceandach sin .i. buindi niad no bidh 'ma laimh cacha fatha ind Erind d'or dearg nos facbhadh sin ina inad ola: ar in tan do thoimlidis na righ sin fes Teamrach no giedis dala Erind co ceann seacht m-bliadhan cona fuigilidis fiacha na feitheamnasa na coiccarta co sin feis n-aill iar seacht m-bliadhnaibh. Is demhin tra do righaibh Erend dia seachmallidis a n-geasa agus dia facbadis a m-buadha ni biadh tuisel na turbrod foraibh; ni thiefad teidhm na taimhleachta na fiaith; agus ni buidbidis urebra aimsiri re nochaid bliadhan. Ni dligh, din, cuairt no ceandaigheacht in fii no in sai seanchadha nach fiasara adha agus urgharta na righ so.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

The five prohibitions of the king of the province of Oilneagmacht* (Connacht) here:

To make a treaty respecting Cruachan after making peace on Samhain's day; to go on a grey speckled steed to the heath of Luchaid in Dal Chais; to go to an assembly of women at Seaghais; to sit in Autumn on the sepulchral mounds of the wife of Maine; to contend in running with the rider of a grey one-eyed horse at Ath Gallta, between two posts.

His five prerogatives, i.e.:

To take hostages first from Oirbsean; the chase of Sliabh Lugha; to drink hot ale in Magh Muirsce; the clothing of the oak of Breice with his cloak after a rout through the Tri Ross; a border meeting at Ath Luain (Athlone) with the tribes of Teamhair; to be on Maen-mhagh on May morning, bnt so that he goes not over Darmhagh.

The five prohibitions of the king of Uladh (Ulster), i.e.:

The horse-fair of Rath Line, among the youths of Dal Araidhe; to listen to the fluttering of the flocks of birds of Linn Sailleach after sunset; to celebrate the feast of the flesh of the bull of Daire-mic-Daire; to go into Magh Cobha in the month of March; to drink of the water of Bo Neimhidh between two darknesses.

His five prerogatives, i.e.:

The games of Cualigne with the assembly of the fleet; the mustering of his army on the plain of Muirtheimhne; to commence his hosting always from Eamhain Macha; to send his hostages to Dun Sobhairce; "The terror of Eamhain Macha," i.e. to feast there for three nights armed before passing over the border. To pay for his seat at Uisneach† every seventh year on taking his place, and this is also the right of every provincial king in Eire. After this these required of the king of Teamhair to make the feast of Teamhair‡; the kings of the provinces used to purchase their seats at Uisneach, and the purchase and price they paid was this, i.e. the hero's ring of red gold which each prince wore on his hand, which he used to leave in his drinking-seat: for when these kings had eaten of the feast of Teamhair, the assemblies of Eire were dissolved for seven years, so that they pronounced no decision on debts, debtors, or disputes, till the next feast after (the expiration of) seven years. It is certain to the kings of Eire that if they avoid their "geasa" (restrictions), an I obtain their "buadha" (prerogatives), they shall meet no mischance or misfortune; no epidemic or mortality shall occur in their reigns, and they shall not experience the decay of age for the space of ninety years. The poet or the learned historian who does not know the "adha" (prerogatives) and "urgharta" (prohibitions) of these kings, is not entitled to visitation or to sale§ (for his poetry).

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

*Oilneagmacht was the old name of the province of Connacht.

†To pay for his seat at Uisneach—This name is retained to the present day, which is that of a hill, now usually anglicized Usny Hill, or Usnagh Hill, parish of Killare, barony of Rathconrath, county Westmeath. According to Keating, Tuathal Teachtmhar, monarch of Ireland in the first century, enlarged the boundaries of the ancient Midhe (Meath), by cutting off a portion of each of the provinces, and erecting a royal palace on each. According to him, King Tuathal erected a palace and established fairs or public marts at Uisneach, in the Connacht portion of Meath, which were celebrated annually on the first of May. See Keating's account of Uisneach, and O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*.

‡*The feast of Tara*; *Feis Teamhrach*—All the modern writers of the history of Ireland assert that the *Feis Teamhrach* was celebrated every third year, but this does not appear to be borne out by any of the old Lives of St. Patrick, the authentic Irish annals, or the older manuscript accounts of Tara. See Petrie's History and Antiquities of Tara Hill, also Keating's account of the *Feis Teamhrach*, as established by the monarch Tuathal Teochtmhar.

§*Sale*, ceannaigheacht, literally, traffic. It alludes to the privilege which every true poet enjoyed of selling his own compositions. For a very curious reference to the custom see the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick, where it is stated that Dubhthach, chief poet of Leinster, had sent his disciple Fiach to present some poems of his composition to the princes of that province.

Cheap Excursions.

On Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct. 9, 1894, the Northwestern Line will sell Home-Seekers' Excursion tickets to points in northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Manitoba, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Montana at exceedingly low rates for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale and will allow stop-over privileges on going trip in territory to which tickets are sold. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern Ry.

CHILDREN'S FAIRY TALES.

Lilywhite—The Prince and the Maiden Who Wept Pearls.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

A wealthy merchant had a beautiful daughter who had been named Lilywhite when she was born on account of her lovely skin, which was as white as snow. Her mother taught her all kinds of embroidery and so skilful was she in that work that she soon surpassed her teacher. When she worked a face it seemed to speak, almost, it was so real. When she designed an animal it seemed to move, and the flowers she worked on silks seemed to bloom like the real ones. One day the mother who had been so good to her was carried off by a fatal illness and she was left alone with her father. The father remained single for several years, and realizing that his daughter ought to have the care of a mother he married a rich widow, who had a daughter about the same age as Lilywhite.

His wife treated Lilywhite well for some time, but she was so superior in beauty and talents to her own daughter that she first took a dislike to her and then began to hate her.

Lilywhite was of such an amiable disposition that she would take long walks in the fosests to avoid a quarrel with the cross stepmother, and sometimes to pass the time away would take her embroidery with her and work.

While engaged in this occupation one day there came along two aged crones whom Lilywhite saluted respectfully and chatted with as she accompanied them to the edge of the forest. The old women seemed very much pleased at the attention she bestowed upon them, and when she had left them one said to her companion:

"That it a good girl and quite different from her step-sister who would insult us if we came in her way."

They talked together for some time and then they proposed to bestow a fairy gift on her, for they were fairies.

"I will give her the power to weep pearls when for any cause she may shed tears," said one.

"And I," said the other, "will give the power that when she laughs the most fragrant roses will drop from her lips."

"We must give her step-sister something, too," said the first old fairy. "I will cause her tears to turn into lizards when they fall on the ground."

"And I," said the other, "will cause a toad to leap out of her mouth when she laughs."

When Lilywhite arrived home her father, who had just arrived from a long journey, met her at the door, and she was so delighted that she laughed with joy to see him. As she did so the rarest of roses fell from her lips very much to her own and her father's amazement, and to the chagrin of the stepmother, who began to abuse her for being a lazy creature. So violent was her abuse that Lilywhite began to weep and immediately a shower of the rarest of pearls fell on the floor. They were magnificent in size and nothing had ever been seen like them for purity. The father gathered them up and on the next trip to the city brought them with him to a jeweler who was a friend of his. The jeweler pronounced them unsurpassed in the entire country and said that nothing he had ever seen among the royal jewels could equal them.

While he was examining them a royal cavalcade drove up to the door and Prince Graceful, who was heir to the throne, entered the shop with the view of purchasing a present for his father, the king. The jeweler at once showed him the pearls, and he purchased them on the spot. The father of Lilywhite related the story of the pearls and the prince became interested immediately. He rode home to the king and showing him the pearls was advised to send for the girl and marry her. He lost no time in fitting out a retinue and sent his state coach for her to ride in. The stepmother was enraged at the luck which had befallen Lilywhite and the more so that nobody seemed to care for her daughter. She plotted in her mind to get rid of Lilywhite and place her own daughter on the throne beside Prince Graceful. She put on as pleasant an appearance as she possibly could, and when they were passing through a deep wood she seized Lilywhite and tearing the eyes out of her head, threw her out of her carriage, and then dressed her daughter in the bridal robes. When they reached the city, the prince met them and escorted them to the palace. He presented his bride to the king, but when she smiled a large toad jumped out of her mouth, to the horror of the entire court. Her mother said the fatigue of the journey was accountable for the accident, and that as soon as she recovered he would see roses dropping out of her mouth. The prince was satisfied with the explanation and bade her rest.

When poor Lilywhite found herself alone in the forest and blind she cried bitterly and a heap of pearls soon lay on the ground beside her. She heard a footstep approaching, and a wood-chopper who was coming into the forest for fagots seeing that the girl was blind asked if he could help her. She bade him to take the pearls and bring them to the city. If he met the stepmother he was to ask her for the thing she carried in her pocket, and not to sell the pearls to her for anything else. The wood-cutter went to the palace and met the stepmother. She wanted just such ornaments to deck her daughter out for the wedding and asked the price of them. When he demanded the thing she had in her pocketbook she gave him one of Lilywhite's eyes. This the man brought to the girl, and she putting it in the socket saw as well as ever and began embroidering a handsome scarf. When she finished this she bade the man bring it to the palace and if he met the stepmother he was to ask the same price for that as for the pearls. The man did so, and when he brought back the other eye Lilywhite was able to see as well as ever. She presented him with a handsome handkerchief, which he put around his neck. He gathered his fagots and setting off to the town met the prince on the road. The prince noticed the handsome embroidery and asked him where he got it. The man told the story of the girl in the woods and how he had brought her pearls to the town and sold them for eyes which she placed in her head and then saw as well as anybody. The prince then suspected that he had been tricked and hunted through the woods till he found Lilywhite. He made her tell her story, and as she did so she began to weep and the pearls fell in a shower from her lips. The prince knew that she was the true bride and he brought her home to the palace. When she found herself safe she laughed and the roses fell from her lips to the delight of the prince, who was now head over heels in love with her. He had the old woman beheaded and sent the false bride off to herd swine. Lilywhite's wedding was a grand one, and when the old king died the young couple ascended the throne and lived to a ripe old age, loved and respected by all their subjects.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE POET AND THE QUEEN.

An Ancient Connacht Legend.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Oh, woe to thee, O Naemi that he,
With wondrous melodies
Beguiled the heart of Connacht's queen—
Of Connacht's lands and seas;
For Naemi was wived to good king Caer
To whom her love award—
Not to a bard, or brehon, or to sage,
But to her lawful lord.

Oh, Naemi was fair—surprising fair,
Her deep dark eyes were shrines
Of liquid love, and faith, and tenderness
As rich as richest wines:
Her neck was lily-white, her cheeks in bloom
With blushing roses shone—
Oh! Caer was proud to have her beauty his,
And hold her as his own.

And she was faithful to that loving spouse;
Her lips no kisses knew
Save those that had a royal right to swoon
Upon their carmine hue.
No head upon her downy breasts reposed
Save Caer's, no voice could say,
Save his: "Thou art alone, my own,"
'Till Nuadhe came the way.

'Till his tall frame burst on her ravished gaze
And his faint lute, in tears,
Poured all the burning measures of his love
Into her spell-bound ears.
"Alas!" she cried, "O Nuadhe, bard of bards,
Thy music is so sweet
That I could yield thee frank incense and myrrh,
And worship at thy feet.

"I would be slave of thee. Go, chase King Caer
From palace, and from shrine,
And don his royal robes, and reign supreme
O'er Connacht's heart and mine."
The poet gazed upon that 'witching face,
And found that it was fair;
"Yes, I shall have thee mine," he said, "and rule
Upon the throne of Caer."

He gathered all his clansman 'round him there,
(Oh! day of dire disgrace)
They chased the wretched monarch from his home,
The poet took his place;
And Druids blessed the union with their prayers
And lit Baal pillars three,
To feast Nuadhe's nuptials on that day
With Caer's wife, Naemi.

Meanwhile poor Caer stole to a dismal cave,
To mourn his rifled dame,
And hide within its dark, mysterious depths,
His sorrow and his shame.
And for five years—five long and weary years,
He cursed the bard, Nuadhe,
Who robbed him of his palace, throne and lands,
And stole his wife Naemi.

At last one eve while at the cavern's door,
He stood in sore dismay,
He spied a chariot, rich with gold, that sped
Along the mountain way.
Naemi and her consort on a couch
Sat in voluptuous rest—
His jeweled fingers toying with her hair,
Her head upon his breast.

"Oh, hide me from my shame," poor Caer said,
"My dogs—they know me not,
They'll crunch my frame to pieces where I stand,
Here by this lonely grot."
Nuadhe loosed his wolf-dogs on the king—
They tore him limb from limb,
And all the fays in echo answered 'round
To peals of laughter grim.

But Fate is just to brehon, bard, and king,
For an avenging wind
Tore down a rock, that quivering 'neath its weight,
Struck false Nuadhe blind—
So wholly blind, that he could never more
At night, or noontide see
The 'passioned face, the tresses, or the orbs
Of weeping Naemi!

THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

Three Home Seekers' Excursions

To all parts of the West and Northwest via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at practically half-rates. Round trip tickets, good for return passage within twenty days from date of sale, will be sold on Sept. 11 and 25, and Oct. 9, 1894. For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address G. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

It Suits to a "T."

This expression comes from the T-square or T-rule, an instrument used by mechanics and draughtsmen in making angles true. The expression is an old one, going back further than Boswell's time and is singularly appropriate to the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, which certainly suits everyone to a T. That is why it has been given the title of the Duluth Short Line, because it is the short line and the popular route for all classes of travel between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, Stillwater, Taylor's Falls and other points. It is also the route for those who desire to visit the celebrated Rainy Lake gold fields, which have caused such a sensation. Everybody takes the Duluth Short Line because it is convenient, speedy, comfortable. Apply for information to ticket agents or to W. A. Russell, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

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ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION IN NEWARK.

The Labor "Problem" and "Question" and What the Words Stand For—Strikes and Boycotts Supported, but the Best Place to Make Them Is at the Ballot Box.

[Address delivered by Joseph R. Buchanan at the celebration given under the auspices of Essex Trades council of Newark, N. J., on Monday, Sept. 3, 1894.]

This day which we celebrate, calling it Labor day, differs from other days to which we give special observance in that it has no significance attaching to its past, it is not the anniversary of any pre-eminent achievement and does not recall the birth of any great man or the performances of any glorious deed. It is not as the Fourth of July, for labor has yet to establish its Declaration of Independence. It is not as the 22d of February, for the army of labor has not yet been led to victory by its Washington, nor has it learned to be grateful to the memory of the gallant champions who have passed away while fighting on the skirmish lines that have preceded the grand and final battle. Nor is Labor day like unto the 17th of March, for the vipers which suck the blood of industry are not yet driven from our land. Labor day is, so to speak, impersonal and without a history. If it has any significance at all, it is a tribute to the act of physical labor, and not to the performances of the laborers for the improvement of their material condition nor their advancement as citizens. So it would be impossible to select from the days in the year, in all of which labor has, since time began, contributed to the progress of man more than all other factors combined, one day peculiarly, by contrast with other days, fitted for commemoration.

The first Monday of September in each year has been designated by legislative enactment as Labor day in response to the requests of organized labor. And it enjoys the distinction of being one of the few heeded requests out of many made of the powers that be by the workingmen. On this day we assemble to commune together, to talk over the events of the past year, to examine into the present and to discuss the hopes, the needs and the promises, if there are any such, of the future. If we shall do these things intelligently, and wise action follows open deliberation, then will Labor day have been more than a mere holiday and will have earned for itself a place of prominence in the calendar of the future.

While this present occasion is under the auspices of organized labor, and I in accepting its invitation to address you tacitly recognize as my guide today its tenets, yet much that I shall say will bear upon all wage workers, and I know I voice the sentiments of Essex Trades council when I declare that what is known as the American labor movement and is dependent upon the organized wage earners for its guidance has in view the improvement of the material condition of every worker in the land and the uplifting of a citizenship which is fast becoming degraded by the dethronement of man and the deification of the dollar.

What is "the labor problem" of which we hear and read so much in these closing hours of the nineteenth century? Why should the distribution of the products of labor be called a "problem" when in the mind of every intelligent man is deep rooted the truth that to him who creates wealth belongs the whole of his creation save that which should go to the common fund in recompense for the use of what is naturally common property?

"The labor problem" in the view which our plutocracy has written in its notebook is a calculation as to how much the few, who have monopolized the natural opportunities intended by the Creator for all his children, may wring from the many who have been disinherited. The political economy which Mammon is cramming down our throats is the science of robbing the laborers of the product of their labor. The working out of the problem on those lines is only checked by the occasional introduction of a factor which points to the possibility of successful rebellion on the part of the robbed. The "labor question," which is another prevalent form of expression, is, as I see it, "How can the laborers protect their rights and their titles in the things they produce?" This is a question we must answer, and answer right and answer soon.

I need not take up the time necessary to tell this audience of the awful conditions which surround the producers of this country at the present time. The terrible story, illustrated with scenes which make the heart ache, is told over and over again day after day. It is written in the haggard faces of women and little children. It is spoken in the bowed form of the heartbroken father. It is ground out under the wheels of the cart on its way to potter's field. What a blessing it is that desperation's hand is staid by the "hope which springs eternal in the human breast," else would misery, whispering the seductive word "Revenge!" turn hopeless men into fiends, and—but let us turn away from further contemplation of this terrible picture.

What is the laborer's answer to the labor question? Organization! In this one word is contained the open sesame which has the power to throw wide the prison doors and to break the shackles which enslave the producers—the poor, which has now practically the same meaning.

The "poor man" and "the workingman" have come to be synonymous terms. In other words, the wealth producers are those without wealth.

The spirit of the age is of organization. Tear a leaf from the handbook of capitalism, and you will see that it begins with organization and ends with concentration. But the organization of capitalism aims only at concentration and appropriation of the results of industry, while the organization of labor looks to its equitable distribution. One is for the monopoly of natural opportunities, tools and the products of labor, with the inevitable enslavement of the laborer, while the other aspires to secure for every man who obeys the Divine command and earns his bread in the sweat of his face equal opportunity and the product of his toil. The creed of plutocracy is, "Whales eat big fishes, big fishes eat little fishes, and little fishes eat mud." The creed of the labor organization is, "An injury to one is the concern of all."

What better evidence do you want that organization is the first and most important essential to the protection of the rights of labor than is found in the efforts of the barons and magnates to crush the associations which the workers have formed? If you want more testimony in that line, you can find it in the editorial utterances of the organs of plutocracy, which with oily hypocrisy tell you that "the interests of labor and capital are identical," and that there would be no conflict if labor would cut loose from the influence of irresponsible combinations, free itself from the dictation of self constituted leaders and deal with the men who "own" the capital as individuals, man to man. Under our industrial system the interests of laborers and capitalists are not identical, and these same spokesmen of capitalism give the lie to the claim when they say, as they do at every opportunity, that the employer has the right to hire men at as low a rate of wages as they will accept, and that the men have the right to refuse to work for less than they think they should have. If I understand that plain statement, it means that every penny which the capitalist beats down from the demand of the laborer is a penny he would not have made had the laborer been enabled to enforce his demand. I cannot see how under such conditions the interests of the laborers and the capitalists can be identical.

How about the kinship existing between George M. Pullman and his half starved employees? How about the disposition of plutocracy to treat with fairness the workers who deal with it as individuals when for years of that state of affairs the Pullman corporation made cut after cut in the wages of its employees until there was not enough left in some cases to keep soul and body together, and never a protest reached the public's ears until the American Railway union organized the helpless slaves less than a year ago? But for the American Railway union the victims of corporate greed at Pullman might have starved without the strength to cry out and the public gone on believing George M. Pullman, founder of a "model town," a philanthropist and a Christian, instead of knowing him, as it now does, as a tyrant, a slave driver, a starver of women and little children and a brazen faced hypocrite. Organized labor has uncovered that whited sepulcher as it has torn the mask from the face of the traitor Carnegie, who sang siren songs about the "triumphant democracy" of his adopted land while robbing and betraying it with his rotten steel plates.

My middle class friend, you will find that the trouble is not that we have labor organization, but that we have not enough of it.

To turn again to Chicago as the center of the recent trouble, let me ask, Why did the railways in the Managers' association refuse to use their influence with the Pullman company to secure arbitration of the pending difficulty? The managers answered the question themselves. They declared war on the union, and that war is still waged and will continue until not a union man is employed on any of those railroads, or until the union is strong enough to compel peace. The union will have that strength when other workingmen are so well organized and so informed as to their rights and duties that no president or attorney general, corporation lawyer though he be, will dare to distort the law and prostitute the powers reposed by the people by using the muskets and gatling guns of the government to overpower unarmed workingmen who are standing out for their rights.

I am well acquainted with the balderdash and flapdoodle about what the constitution guarantees and the duties imposed by national law that the apologists for tyranny and czarism have surfeited us with during the past six weeks, but I have also a tight grip on a handful of things I know about the inalienable and self evident rights of man set out in the Declaration of Independence. And I know that one of the rights of American citizenship held to be among the dearest by the men of 1776 is being trampled under foot, and that by the connivance of men in high position in this government. I refer to the right of trial by jury. It has ever been our boast that a man charged with a crime anywhere in these United States was guaranteed a fair trial by a jury of his peers. Cleveland, Olney and their understrappers, the federal judges of Illinois and Indiana, have abrogated that right. How has this been done? In Chicago it was done by a federal court issuing injunctions, violation of which would be contempt of court, thus leaving the decision upon the evidence brought against the accused absolutely with the court issuing the injunction, and also leaving the penalty to the sole discretion of the judge, whose decision shall be absolute and final. The precedent has been established, and the right of trial by jury may be taken from any citizen by any court which falls under the influence of corporations. This is what the railway corporations of the country have been working for for several years, and, as usual, they got what they wanted.

Right here is a good place to quote from President Lincoln's message to the second session of the Thirty-seventh congress. Said that greatest of presidents:

> Monarchy itself is sometimes hinted at as a possible refuge from the power of the people. In my present position I could scarcely be justified were I to omit raising a warning voice against this approach of returning despotism.

It is not needed nor fitting here that a general argument should be made in favor of popular institutions, but there is one point with its connections, not so hackneyed as most others, to which I ask a brief attention. It is the effort to place capital on an equal footing with if not above labor in the structure of government. It is assumed that labor is available only in connection with capital; that nobody labors unless somebody else, owning capital somehow, by the use of it induces him to labor. Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor and could not have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty, none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement against such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost.

My friends, I am afraid we have not heeded the warning of Abraham Lincoln, but though it reads now almost like a prophecy that has been fulfilled I believe there is yet time to rally the hosts of freedom to conquer despotism's advancing army if we will but have courage to stand up for the right against all opposition. Surely patriotism is not dead. That spirit which was bequeathed us by 56 workingmen, those "self appointed leaders" of the oppressed who defied all the powers of King George that liberty might be established in this fair land, has not wholly left us. Lincoln told us that if liberty were preserved it must be through the fidelity and valor of the workingmen. We have come almost to the last ditch. Are you ready to wheel and charge? If you are not, God help you, for man cannot!

Do I believe that such is the mission of labor organization? I do! Lincoln has told you that the toilers must do it, and I tell you that only through well organized, carefully though fearlessly directed effort can it be done. Do I see any connection between the labor movement and this mission of patriots? I do! The battle must be fought inch by inch. It must extend over wide fields that take in the assemblages of the unions, the avenues of production and distribution, the rostrum, the pulpit, the press, and, last, but most important of all, the ballot box. It is to be a fight of liberty and justice inspired by love of country and fellow man against tyranny and oppression armed with subtle power purchased with the wealth filched from honest toil.

Do I believe in the strike? Yes, when injustice becomes insupportable and all milder methods have failed. And I believe in the sympathetic strike, for in the brotherhood of labor, as I have said before, "an injury to one is the concern of all." But first I believe in the solidarity of labor, in a unity which will embrace all classes of workers for wages, so that a sympathy strike might be made to be practically without limits. Do I believe in violence? No! Nor does the organized labor movement. In a hundred years from now, when the history of these times is read by our children's great-grandchildren, they will wonder that this was so—that the poor and oppressed could stand so much and not go mad.

And the boycott? Yes, I believe in the boycott, as did Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Paine and those lawless objectors to the rule of George III in 1773. Did it ever occur to you that those men were strikers and boycotters? Let me read you the opinion of Walt Whitman, one of America's famous poets. Says he:

> The American Revolution of 1776 was simply a great strike, successful for its immediate object, but whether a real success, judged by the scale of the centuries and the long striking balance of time, yet remains to be settled. The French Revolution was absolutely a strike, and a very terrible and relentless one, against ages of bad pay, unjust division of wealth products and hoggish monopoly of a few rolling in superfluity against the vast bulk of the work people living in squalor. If the United States, like the countries of the old world, are also to grow vast crops of poor, desperate, dissatisfied, nomadic, miserably waged populations, such as we see looming upon us of late years—steadily even if slowly eating into them like a cancer of lungs or stomach—then our Republican experiment, notwithstanding all its surface successes, is at heart an unhealthy failure.

I believe the boycott one of labor's most powerful weapons. It is as consumers more than as producers that the power of the workingman, if fairly organized, can be made manifest. If labor refuses to give assistance to an enemy by withholding its aid and strengthens a friend by unitedly supporting him, what course could it take that is scientifically, economically and morally more acceptable to the fair and logical mind? None. Hence I am a great believer in the union label and all it implies.

But I would extend the boycott beyond the limits of trading. I would carry it to the ballot box. There is the place to make the great strike, to levy the everlastingly effective boycott. And there you have got to go with both. The precedents established by the courts at Chicago, which precedents now are law just as much as if enacted by congress—those precedents, I say, have declared that the old style strike and boycott will be met by the soldiers "who know how to handle a musket," as was said by a Kansas City preacher in praise of the conduct of the regulars at Chicago.

In its desire to crush all that stands in its way plutocracy has lost its head, and in its programme of suppressing the protests of outraged labor it has forgotten the cunning which it employed to monopolize natural opportunities and to fasten its fangs upon industry. Let us hope in this case "whom the Gods would destroy they have first made mad," and that their madness will arouse the victims of their inhumanity and knavery to a realizing sense of their situation and impel them to use that greatest of weapons, the ballot, before it, too, is taken from them.

I know there has always been positive opposition to organized labor taking political action, and to a degree I have supported the position. I have not believed, nor do I yet believe, it would be wise for a trades union to go into politics as a union. It would be unwise for a majority of any organization to attempt to coerce a minority through its connection with a union whose prime objects are economic to support any political party or measure. When such efforts have been made, they have invariably resulted in damage to the organization. But I believe that it is the duty and is the part of wisdom for labor organizations to educate their members upon all political questions which bear upon industry. More than that, I believe that the time has come when the intelligent men in labor's ranks, in and out of the unions, must go into politics, and that upon lines which diverge widely from those followed by the twin political machines of plutocracy.

Labor is oppressed today because the political parties which have divided the control of our lawmaking machinery during the past quarter of a century have been and are yet absolutely under the control of corporations. Special privileges have been granted to interests which are able to influence legislation, and the rights of the people have been bartered and sold by Judases who betrayed the confidence reposed in them.

Webster tells us that politics is the science of government, and if there is one thing more than another which the masses should be interested in it is the science of government. No legislator will be better than the people who secure his election and control him. A stream does not rise above its source. If labor expects legislation favorable to its demands, it must secure the election of men to legislative positions who are known to be in accord with those demands, and who will never be in doubt as to what their duty is.

It would not be in keeping with this occasion for me to extensively discuss the political issues which are brought forward for consideration by the various parties at this time, but I feel perfectly justified in naming the three great evils which curse the people of the land, and which must be buried under the ballots of the producers if we are to re-establish justice and peace. They are the monopolies of money, land and transportation. The usurers, the land barons and the railway magnates are absorbing the substance of the people and have the toilers in chains. If you do not know this, then you are, as the fathers of those who are to perform the labor of the future, criminally ignorant. If you do know it and fail to use the power you possess to change it, you are not entitled to a great deal of sympathy, though I say, God help those who will come after you!

There is a phase of political reform which is nonpartisan, and I can therefore speak of it with less restraint. I refer to the initiative and referendum, or, as it is more generally known, direct legislation. We boast that we live under a democratic form of government. It is not true. Democracy means the rule of the people, and the people do not rule where the laws are made "for" them instead of "by" them. The proposal of direct legislation is that the people shall have the right to make the laws which are to govern them; that they should no longer confer upon legislative bodies the autocratic power to make and unmake laws regardless of the desires of the people.

I have not time to enter now upon an exhaustive discussion of the details of this subject; but, in a nusthell, the proposition as advocated by the Direct Legislation league of this state is that the state constitution be so amended as to provide for the submission of proposed laws, under proper, reasonable restrictions, and, when the demand is made, to a vote of the qualified electors of the state or the division of the state to be affected by the proposed law, and to provide, under like reasonable conditions, for the proposal of laws by the citizenship.

A measure embodying this salutary change in our state constitution has been introduced in the senate and should come up for action at the reconvening of the legislature next month, and it is the duty of every workingman to use all of his influence to secure its early adoption by both senate and house of assembly. This measure is of vital interest to all who believe in government of, for and by the people, and I beseech you to make known to the lawmakers of this state your wishes in the matter; then keep your eyes on them.

And now, in conclusion, let me summarize what I have tried to impress upon you. Labor is in a deplorable state. It is enslaved by Mammon, and the worst that Abraham Lincoln feared is almost fulfilled. The time and condition are almost here when all of liberty will be lost. To save this fair land for our children and to make and keep them free men and women the producers must act, and act quickly and positively. Organization and action must go hand in hand. Organization must be strengthened, so that it can take care of its interests in special avocations, and it must be unified, so that it can exert its now practically dormant powers for the good of all. It must be in a position to succor its own unfortunate, to reward its friends and to punish its enemies—yes, punish its enemies, for labor's enemy is civilization's enemy, is man's enemy. But I firmly believe, above all, labor must vote right, and what is right can easily be determined if you will but tear away the shams and hypocrisy in which wily politicians have enveloped themselves that they may deceive you while performing the villainous work of their monopolistic masters. Look facts squarely in the face and trust only truth.

The cause of labor deserves the best efforts of pure men, the devotion of Christians and the heroism of patriots. Let us resolve today that henceforth we will strive to organize and educate the workers so that we may present an unbroken front in its support. And this shall be our hymn:

> The cause that lacks assistance,
> The wrong that needs resistance,
> The future in the distance
> And the good that I can do.

Sweatshops Still Flourish.

Although the state legislature in 1890 passed a law which was supposed to do away forever with the horrors of the sweater shops, the evil flourishes as abundantly—if the word "abundance" can under any circumstances be used in connection with this wretched subject—as it ever did.—New York World.

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ALL WITH ONE SHOT.

COLONEL PARKER BAGGED A DEER, A PANTHER AND THREE BEARS.

The Deer Played the Bear Against the Panther, and They Killed Each Other—Then the Colonel Shot the Deer and Captured the Two Bear Cubs.

"I bagged a panther, a deer and three bears once and only fired one shot," said Colonel Noah Parker of Gardean, Pa. "I was out after deer around the headwaters of Cowley run, in the Potter county woods. Game was abundant in those days. A fellow didn't have to do any hunting unless he wanted to. All he needed to do was to sit down somewhere in the woods and just wait. He wouldn't have to wait long before maybe a drove of deer, or a family of bears, or a panther or two would come along by him. I killed nine deer one day without getting up off the log I was sitting on. I don't believe there's nine deer in the whole Sinnemahone spread of waters today.

"The day I bagged the deer, the three bears and the panther I was still hunting around the headwaters of Cowley run.

"I sat down at the roots of a big fallen hemlock to wait and see what would come my way. I hadn't waited long before I saw a big she bear and two cubs come slouching up out of the hollow and tumble into a clump of bushes not more than 20 rods away from where I sat. I was getting ready to send a bullet into the old bear when I saw a deer break out of the woods and come bounding along the open side hill opposite me. Only a few jumps behind it came a big panther hot on the trail of the deer, and as the panther was clearing more than 30 feet at every jump I saw that it wouldn't be a very long chase before he had his claws on that deer.

"The course the deer was taking brought her—it was a doe—along above the bushes where the bear and her cubs were lying. I saw at once that the deer either saw or smelled the bears from the way she kind of swerved as she went past the bush. Now, there isn't anything a panther likes more than bear cubs, and there is the deadliest enmity between bears and panthers just on that account. The old she bear smelled the panther and got to her feet just as he was bounding by. The panther was evidently too intent on the deer to either hear or see the threatening bear. Of course this all took place in a few seconds and before I had made up my mind just exactly what tactics to adopt to get the most benefit out of the situation. I hadn't fully resolved yet, when, to my surprise, I saw the deer wheel like a flash, leap clear over her savage pursuer and take her back track. The panther took up the chase with renewed fury and gained rapidly on the deer. I was on the point of stopping him with a rifle ball when I saw by the action of the deer that she had discovered the bears in the bushes, and it struck me that she had a scheme.

"'There's going to be some fun here,' thought I, and I lowered my rifle.

"With the passing of the panther the first time the old bear, seeing that her cubs were not the object of the panther's quest, had returned to the bushes and lain down with her cubs again. The second time he went by she got up again and stood ready to tackle him if necessary, but the panther shot by without noticing the bear. The deer bounded on and into the woods. In less than a minute she came out again, with the panther dangerously close. This time the deer was headed straight for the bushes where the bear and her cubs were, and she slackened her pace.

"'Aha!' said I. 'Smart deer! She's going to turn that panther over to the bear!'

"When she reached the bush, she leaped over it, and the panther was only one easy spring behind her. He crouched to make it, but he didn't, for right in front of him, out of the bushes, rose the gigantic front of the savage she bear. The suddenness of this change in the situation seemed to surprise the panther, but not for long. He was out for blood, and if he couldn't get deer blood he would take his chances with bear. He lashed his long tail nervously on the ground for a second or two and then launched his big body straight at the bear. His claws were in the bear's shoulders, and his red jaws at her throat the next instant. But the huge bear folded the panther in her terrible embrace and put all her strength in the hug. I could hear the panther's bones crack, and both bear and panther fell to the ground dead. As I discovered later, the panther's fangs had severed the bear's jugular vein and windpipe both.

"The deer took but two leaps after bringing the panther face to face with the bear. Then she stopped and became an excited spectator of the result of her strategy. When the bear and panther came together, her eyes blazed, she shook her head high in the air, stamped her feet and relieved her feelings by resounding snorts. She seemed to take fiendish enjoyment in the sight of her deadly foe in the toils of the equally savage bear. When the two combatants fell to the ground and rose no more, the deer approached them cautiously, sniffing and snorting and stopping every few steps to stamp her feet on the ground. At last she came to where the two big beasts lay dead together. She sniffed at the carcasses. The hair on her neck stood erect, and she showed the fury she felt by rising on her hind feet and striking with her sharp fore feet the body of the panther. I wanted that panther's skin, and I knew that the deer would soon rip it into worthlessness with her hoofs, so I shot her where she stood. She never knew what hurt her. I was always sorry that her vindictiveness against the panther forced me to kill her, for she played a smart trick on him to save her life, and she ought to have it. I captured the two bear cubs alive. And that is the way I bagged all that game with only one shot."—New York Sun.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmist.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably occupied some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do. What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter may form a word, or, as Addison tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, the third with gimel and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of Hebrew acrostics. This was done with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abcedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also propounded riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flatterers of James I of England proved his right to the British monarchy as the descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "claims Arthur's seat." The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (It is the man who is here). Anagrams were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long.

The necessity of relative harmony throughout the entire physical system cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even predominant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the approach of death. What can be done for the realization and maintenance of structural and vital harmony? Space would fail us to give details adapted to varying conditions, but the underlying fundamental principle for its accomplishment may be imparted in few words. Strive to strengthen and develop those parts of the body which have been slighted by nature or weakened by disease or abuse; guard zealously such structures and see that they are never subjected to undue strain or too active exertion; neglect not the improvement of every part of the economy, but seek first to improve the weakest structures; look well to organs of vital importance—the heart, lungs, kidneys, etc.—and seek especially to advance their good. A fine physique is not to be ignored, but of far greater importance are a strong pair of lungs, a normal, well guarded heart, good digestive apparatus and functionally sound kidneys. The strengthening and developing of vital structures require more skill and perseverance than the training of the muscular system and should be conducted with much care and diligence.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

Eat Fruits.

The warmth of summer tends to biliousness and fevers, and the free use of fruits counteracts this tendency. This is because the acids of the fruit help to facilitate the separation of the bile from the blood, a process slackened by the approach of hot weather. "Fruits are cooling" is an expression often used, but why this is so very few understand. They are so because the acid of the fruit stimulates the liver to greater activity in separating the bile from the blood, which is its proper work, the result of which is the bowels become free, the pores of the skin are open, and under such conditions fever and want of appetite are impossible.

MR. DEBS' TESTIMONY.

An Honest Review by a Paper That Could Not Be Bought or Muzzled.

People who read the testimony of Eugene V. Debs before the strike commission cannot, if they be fair minded, fail to be convinced of the justice of the cause in which he is working and of the sincerity and ability of the man himself.

In a struggle for the rights of humanity individuals are nothing. He will be but a poor champion of the cause of the people who will pause to eulogize certain champions when he should be fighting for principles. But when a leader like Debs is attacked as he has been attacked and all the agencies and all the influence of capitalism are set in motion to "make an example of him"—i. e., to so persecute him that no other man will be willing to encounter like danger in the wageworkers' cause—then must every spokesman of the working classes speak out in defense of the leader so attacked.

The slanders that have been directed against Debs during this struggle simply baffle recountal because of their number. He has been called crazy, drunken, revolutionary, criminal, incompetent. Newspapers have at once declared his conduct of the strike impotent and denounced him for having made it so effective. Labor has been entreated to throw him over as a puerile leader, and capital has been warned that he is a dangerous man because of his surpassing ability. "Anything to beat Debs" has been the one policy which has animated the organs of capital for the last four months.

Well, Debs is beaten—in a certain sense. His effort in behalf of the Pullman strikers has failed, and the very journals which most strenuously opposed his work are now printing the story of the dreadful destitution bred of the Pullman despotism which Debs did his best to break down.

It is too late now to fight over again the issues of the American Railway union strike and boycott. Debs and his associates now stand in the shadow of the penitentiary for trying to avert by entirely proper and lawful means the conditions which now engage the attention of the governor of the state and which must awaken the sympathy of all humane people. The privileged corporations flocked to the aid of the Pullman concern. No one conversant with the facts in the case can gainsay that. The railroads stood by Pullman; every morning newspaper in Chicago except The Times stood by the railroads; the government joined in with the combination. Mr. Debs' testimony is to the effect that governmental action by hastily issued injunctions killed the strike—a statement which everybody cognizant of the course of that movement will indorse.

There has been much evidence adduced before the investigation commission, but none so exact or none more clear than that of Mr. Debs. His explanation of the causes of the strike and boycott is perspicuous and logical, his outline of the causes of its failure coherent and convincing, his suggestion of means for avoiding its recurrence absolutely right. He sees, as all clear sighted and fair minded men must see, that under the private ownership of railroads there is no possibility of justice for railroad employees. The public interest in the smooth and uninterrupted course of traffic over the roads enables the managers to call upon public opinion and even upon state forces to aid them against the employees in any serious controversy. The government ownership of railroads is indeed, as Mr. Debs has said, the one effective remedy for strikes among railroad hands. Asked for a solution of the general railroad problem, he suggested the co-operative commonwealth—a solution doubtless, but one so difficult of accomplishment as to seem almost if not quite utopian. Mr. Debs might have proceeded logically from his declaration for government ownership of railroads to government ownership and management of all other industries which tend naturally and inevitably to become monopolies. This accomplished, the repeal of all laws giving private persons the benefit of artificial law created monopolies would follow; then the abolition of all taxes upon industry; finally the throwing open to all men on equal conditions of all natural opportunities so that every man starting in life should have, so far as human power could accomplish it, an equal chance with every other man. Under such an organization and with such laws the co-operative commonwealth which Mr. Debs suggests would probably prove unnecessary. Competition, which is essential to the progress of civilization, would still continue, but it would be free competition, not the calm triumph of man plus a monopoly over the man without it.—Chicago Times.

Dangerous Ideas.

For a number of years now I have watched the trend of anarchistic thought in this country. I was in Chicago in 1886 when the bomb was thrown in the Haymarket that May evening. I was in the courtroom when Spies—a university graduate, a quiet and intelligent gentleman—Lingg, Parsons and the others were condemned to death. I studied as best I could the growth of the public feeling which demanded that these men be killed because they did not think as you and I do. Since then I have met many anarchists—men like Malato, Malatesta, who led the Sicilian revolt; women like Emma Goldman and Louise Michel. I believe in the new French law against anarchists; I believe in Superintendent Byrnes' repressive theory. This society in which you and I believe demands the iron hand.

By the way, I discussed this matter with Oscar Wilde a few weeks ago. I argued then as I argue now.

"The ideas are dangerous," said I, "and should be repressed."

"Dangerous!" said Oscar. "My dear boy, the ideas which are not dangerous are unworthy the name of ideas."

But he is given to epigram.—Vance Thompson in New York Advertiser.

Paid Millet's Bills and Got a "Corot."

M. Ziem, the Paris painter, relates a story of the brother of the present president of the French republic, and Corot, the artist. M. Casimer-Perier, Jr., was an intimate friend of Corot. On a visit which he made to the great artist in 1875 in his home at Verdizon, in the forest of Fontainebleau, he found Corot putting the last touches on his "Biblis" ("Nymphs In the Forest at Sundown"). The masterpiece filled Casimir-Perier with enthusiasm, and he begged the artist to sell it to him.

"I'll give you my canvas," replied Corot, "on one condition—that you pay the butcher and baker bills of my friend Millet."

"Taken!" answered the wealthy Frenchman.

In Chailly, where Millet lived, the butcher and baker were asked to make out their bills and send them to M. Casimir-Perier. The art lover was somewhat surprised when he found that Millet had lived on credit for 12 years, and that the bills amounted respectively to 22,000 and 24,000 francs—over $9,000. M. Perier paid the bills according to agreement and carried home the Corot. The price at that time was considered enormous, as the purchaser could have bought the painting in the market for about 1,500 francs—less than $400. The bargain, however, was a good one, as the picture today, it is estimated, is worth almost $30,000. It is still in the possession of the Casimir-Perier family.—New York Tribune.

A White Woman as an Apache Warrior.

The following story is told by one of Arizona's early pioneers:

In 1864 Dr. Alsap and Lord Duppa, well known pioneers, were prospecting with a party in the Bradshaw mountains on the Hassayampa creek. One morning the party separated for the purpose of hunting. In going up a canyon, in which they were separated from their companions by high mountains, Duppa's detachment was attacked by a large band of Tonto Apaches. The whites gradually fought their way across the ridge with the hope of rejoining their companions. During the advance Duppa, who was stationed behind a rock, noticed that he was the particular mark of an Indian with a bow. Several arrows had fallen at his feet, and one struck him in the arm. Raising his rifle, he took aim, and just as he was touching the trigger the supposed Indian cried, "Don't shoot!" in good English, but it was too late, and the body fell over with life extinct. Soon after the two parties succeeded in forming a junction, and the Indians retreated, leaving their dead.

Out of curiosity the party returned to the place where Duppa killed the supposed Indian and found that it was a white woman, evidently about 30 years of age and dressed in all the paraphernalia of the Apaches. Investigation was made, but no trace of her former whereabouts could ever be obtained.—Yuma Times.

Minutes of the Council of Ten.

Recent researches in the archives of the Venetian republic have brought to light the records of the mysterious and dreaded council of ten, inclusive of the minutes of their most secret meetings, which were kept with the greatest care and regularity. This council was the real executive power in the republic, the doge, especially in the later years of Venetian history, being purely an ornamental personage and deprived of all real power. It is well known that the council deposed and executed more than one doge for alleged crimes against the state and was only controlled in the exercise of its authority by the grand council, from which the majority of Venetian citizens were, after the closing of the golden book of the council, permanently excluded.

In the domain of police and foreign affairs the council of ten reigned supreme, the grand council, when it met—which was not very often—confining its action to home legislation and the election to office bearers. The assassination by poison of enemies of the republic was considered an important branch of public business, and proposals for this purpose were eagerly listened to and discussed at the council's meetings.—Paris American Register.

Proud, but Resourceful.

When Baroness Sprecher finds her supply of cash running short, she generally buys her daily provision of food at the pork butcher's, but in order to reconcile her aristocratic dress and bearing with the plebeian surroundings she goes to work as follows: Entering the shop with an air of extreme curiosity, she will say:

"Aw, tell me, I pray, what is that thick, strange looking object you have exposed to view in the shop window? It has the appearance of mosaic."

"That is collared brawn," is the reply.

"Coll—what did you say?"

"Collared brawn."

"And is it fit to eat?"

"Certainly!"

"Dear me! How you excite my curiosity. Would you mind cutting me a little of that peculiar substance?"

"For how much, madam?"

"Ah, it is out of sheer curiosity, you know! Say twopence worth, please."

The mistress of the establishment, in order to secure her ladyship's patronage, cuts a pretty thick slice of the "strange looking object," and the baroness, after disbursing the twopence, sweeps out of the shop carrying her dinner with her.—Meggendorfer's Blatter.

Sidney Smith's Suggestion.

When Sidney Smith was rector of a parish in Yorkshire, he found his vestry were discussing the propriety or otherwise of paving a certain approach to the church with wooden blocks. Having decided to undertake it, the question arose as to how. "Gentlemen," said the witty rector, "I think if you will all put your heads together, as the saying is, the thing can be accomplished without much difficulty." — Boston Woman's Journal.

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St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hisman st; P M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Meen, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Orr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Tuohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lacaze, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dahn, C R, 1225 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4039 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Howson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McManus, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Moyna, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1831 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 2365 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2209 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R Mefflemann, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 180 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 484 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 338 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 338 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 311 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 338 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas; Dr J A Rennebarger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5473 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 763 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 423 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Oswego st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1036 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2201 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 2619 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elisabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4718 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4056 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Gregor's hall, 42th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Piante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelser, 103 32rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 166 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittjschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebrecht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Kalling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1197 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 679 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Cleveland.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 668 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Nemes, 70 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schemer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3906 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T,

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1894 New Carolina Rice, per lb	5 cents
Good Laundry Soap, per bar	2 cents
1-lb package Laundry Starch	2½ cents
California Sugar-Cured Hams, per lb	7½ cents
Young Hyson Tea, per lb	12½ cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cents
New Crop Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
Very Fancy Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cents
1894 Pack 3-lb Solid Meat Tomatoes	8 cents
Ground Mustard	Per Can
Ground Pepper	1 cent
New Baking Powder	
ARE ALL FRESH, NEW GOODS.	5 cents
Whole Black Pepper, per lb	
Recent cablegrams from India report an advance of 1½ cents per lb on Pepper.	
Whole Zanzibar Cloves, per lb	9 cents
20 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
10 lbs Baking Soda for	5 cents
1894 California Evaporated Peaches	14 cents
2-lb bricks Boneless Codfish, per lb	5 cents
Gallon cans of Apples, per can	22 cents
15 rolls Red Chicory for	5 cents
1-lb package Imported Vermicelli	5 cents
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Good Stove Polish, per cake	1 cent
Imported Sultana Raisins, per lb	3 cents
3-lb cans California Apricots	Per Can
3-lb cans Muscat Grapes	10
3-lb cans California Greengages	cents
3-lb cans California White Cherries	
3-lb cans Baltimore Table Peaches	29 cents
Gallon jugs Spanish Queen Olives	$1.00
40 bars Good Laundry Soap for	15 cents
French Cherries, in brandy	5 cents
American Olive Oil, per bottle	18 cents
27-oz bottle Spanish Queen Olives, per bottle	9 cents
Half pint Worcestershire Sauce	4 cents
Flake Tapioca, per lb	5 cents
New Cucumber Pickles, per bottle	5 cents
Dried California Pears, per lb	3 cents
American Root Beer, per bottle	5 cents
Large bottle Best Sewing-Machine Oil	10 cents
Clover Leaf Sliced Pineapple, per can	99 cents
Reliable Dairy Butterine, per pail	15 cents
3-lb cans Asparagus, per can	29 cents
Self-Rising Buckwheat, large package	4 cents
Perforated Toilet Paper, per roll	

Can Fish.

	Per can.	Per doz.
Eastport Quarters	4 cts	45 cts
Lakrebec, imported	10 cts	$1.20
Gillettes, imported	15 cts	$1.70
Shrimps, large cans	19 cts	$2.20
Loggi 1-lb Lobsters	22 cts	$2.35
Blueback Mackerel	10 cts	$1.15
1-lb Cove Oysters	9 cts	90 cts
2-lb Cove Oysters	13 cts	$1.50
Alaska 1-lb Salmon	9 cts	$1.05
Pink 1-lb Salmon	13 cts	$1.50
Columbia 1-lb Salmon	15 cts	$1.75
Fancy Salmon Cutlets	21 cts	$2.40
1-lb Clams	9 cts	$1.00
2-lb Clams	15 cts	$1.50
Large cans Mustard Sardines	9 cts	$1.05

Can Vegetables.

	Per can.	Per doz.
3-lb Marrow Squash	8 cts	80 cts
3-lb Golden Pumpkin	8 cts	80 cts
3-lb Second Tomatoes	7 cts	84 cts
3-lb Standard Tomatoes	8 cts	95 cts
3-lb B. H. C. Tomatoes	10 cts	$1.15
2-lb Fisk Corn	6½ cts	75 cts
2-lb Potter's Corn	7 cts	84 cts
2-lb Paxton Corn	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb Baby Corn	10 cts	$1.10
2-lb Marrowfat Peas	8 cts	90 cts
2-lb Early June Peas	9 cts	$1.05
2-lb Sifted E. J. Peas	13 cts	$1.50
2-lb Extra Sifted Peas	17 cts	$1.90
2-lb Succotash	10 cts	$1.10
2-lb Lima Beans	6 cts	70 cts
2-lb Oxford Lima	9 cts	$1.05
3-lb Sweet Potatoes	12 cts	$1.35
3-lb Baked Beans	10 cts	$1.20
2-lb Stringless Beans	5 cts	60 cts

SUGARS.

20 lbs Best Granulated Sugar for	$1.00
100-lb bags Havemeyer & Elder Granulated, per lb	5 cents
Havemeyer & Elder's Granulated, in brls, per lb	5 cents
Havemeyer & Elder's Powdered, in brls, per lb	5 cents
Franklin Refinery Granulated, in brls, per lb	5 cents
100-lb bags McCahan's Granulated, per lb	5 cents
100-lb bags English Granulated, per lb	5 cents
224-lb bags English Granulated, per lb	5 cents
200-lb bags Holland Granulated, per lb	5 cents

TEAS.

A 5-lb wood caddy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea for	99 cents
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	19 cents
New Crop Japan Tea Dust, per lb. 5 cts	8 lbs Young Hyson Tea for $1.00
Natural Leaf Japan Tea, per lb. 12 cts	Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb. 25 cts
Regular Japan Tea, per lb. 13 cts	Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, lb. 35 cts

COFFEES.

Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb. 15 cts	5 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for $1.00
9 lbs Ground Coffee for $1.00	4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for $1.00
8 lbs Crushed Coffee 90 cts	3 lbs Fancy Roasted Java Coffee for $1.00
6 lbs Ground Rio Coffee for $1.00	

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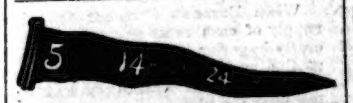
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. September Term A. D. 1894. Ove Gedde vs. Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates. In Chancery. No. 160,036.

Notice is hereby given to the said Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of September A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.
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